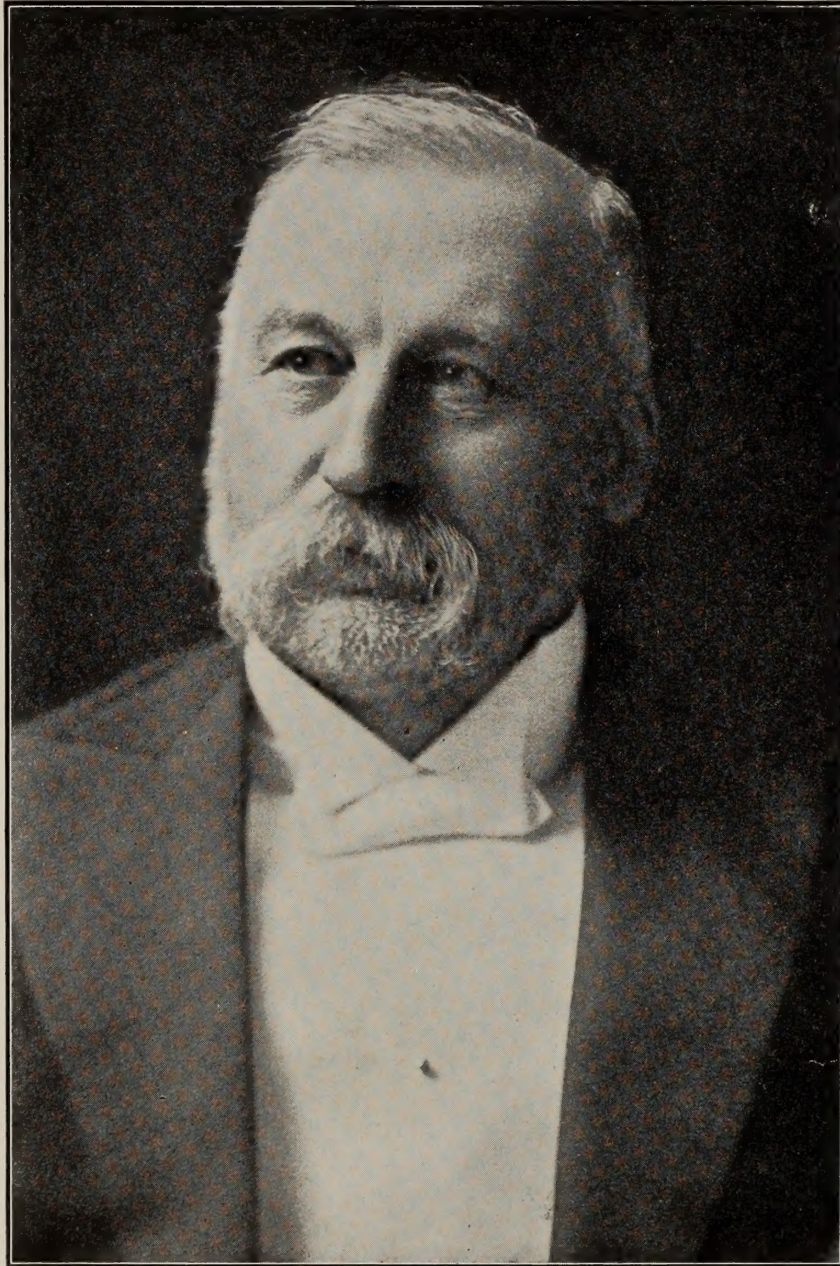




Dedication

To the Memory of Doctor and Mrs. Hare,
who for forty-one years poured out their
love and energy in the service of the school,
our Year Book is dedicated as a slight
expression of our gratitude.

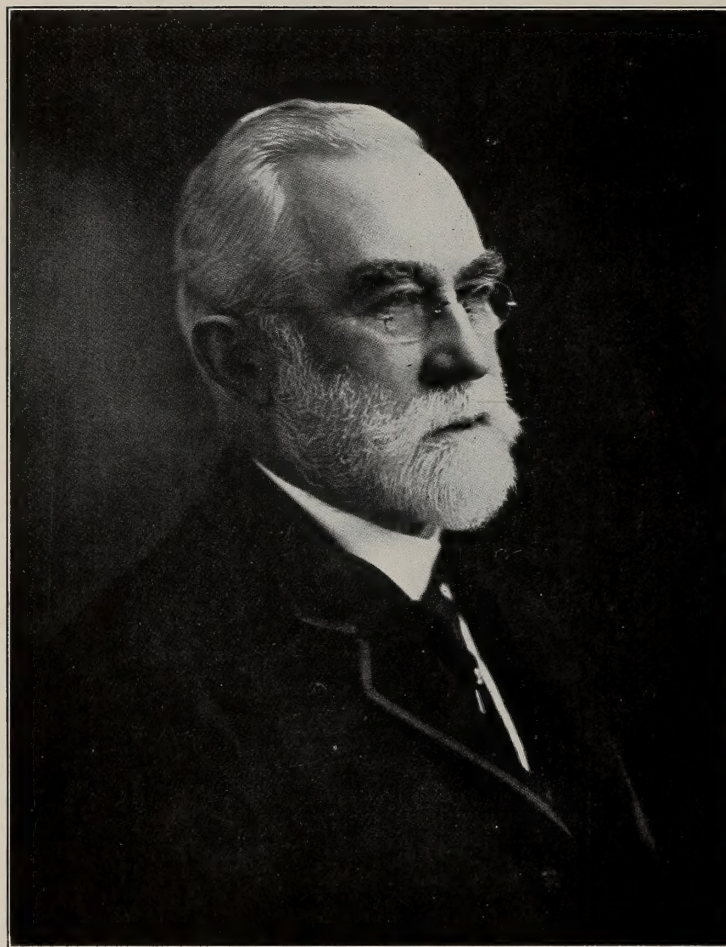
One with the growth of the school they
gave themselves with courage and joy that
it might attain strength and honor. Gladly
and patiently they expended their lives for
the sake of all that was good and lovely
and true in the lives of the students. No
time nor change can deface the beauty of
that sacrifice and in the hearts of all whom
they touched by their enduring fidelity and
in aught that has come to fruition such as
they might have wished their memories are
for ever green.



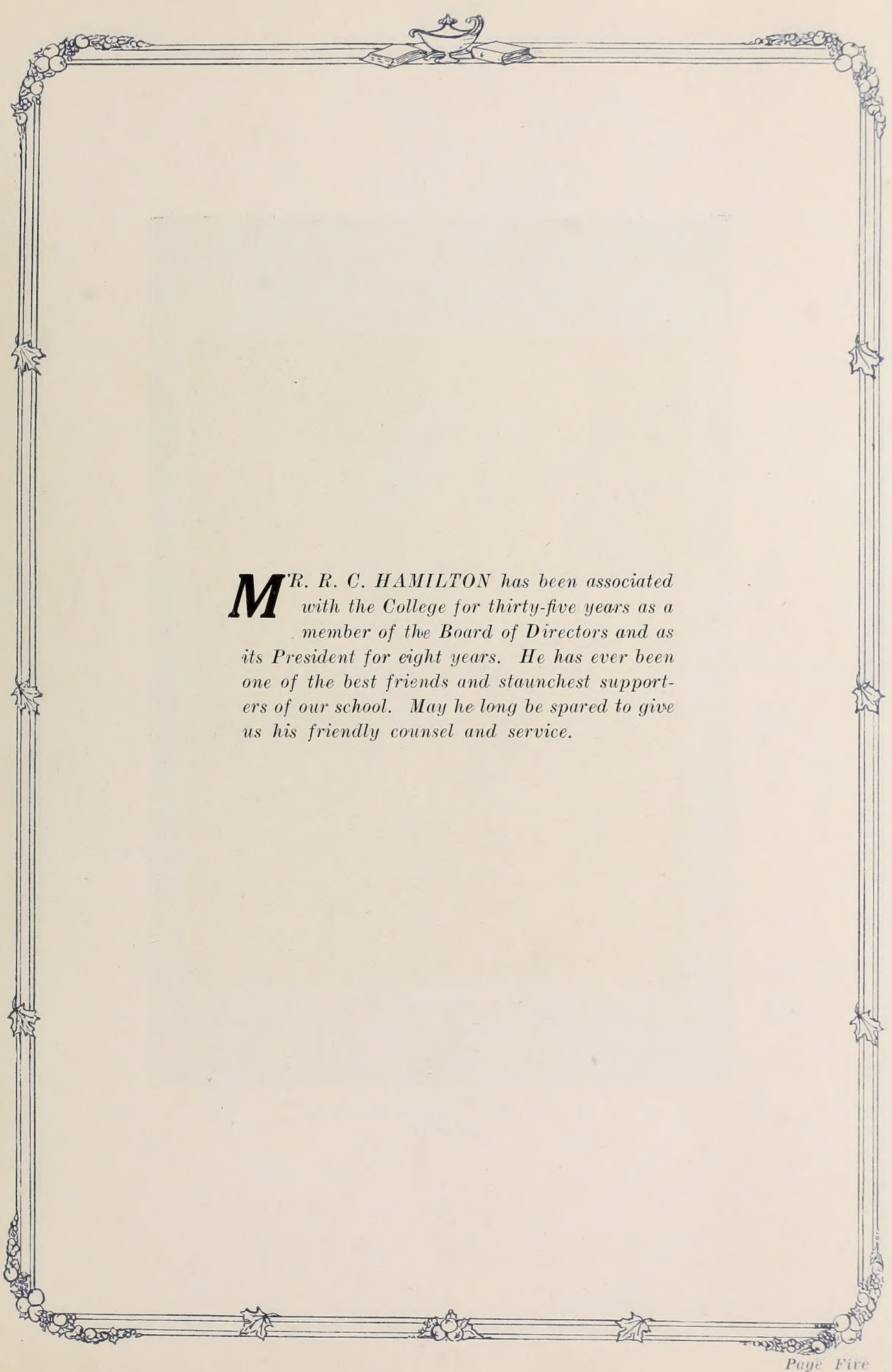
THE LATE REV. DR. J. J. HARE



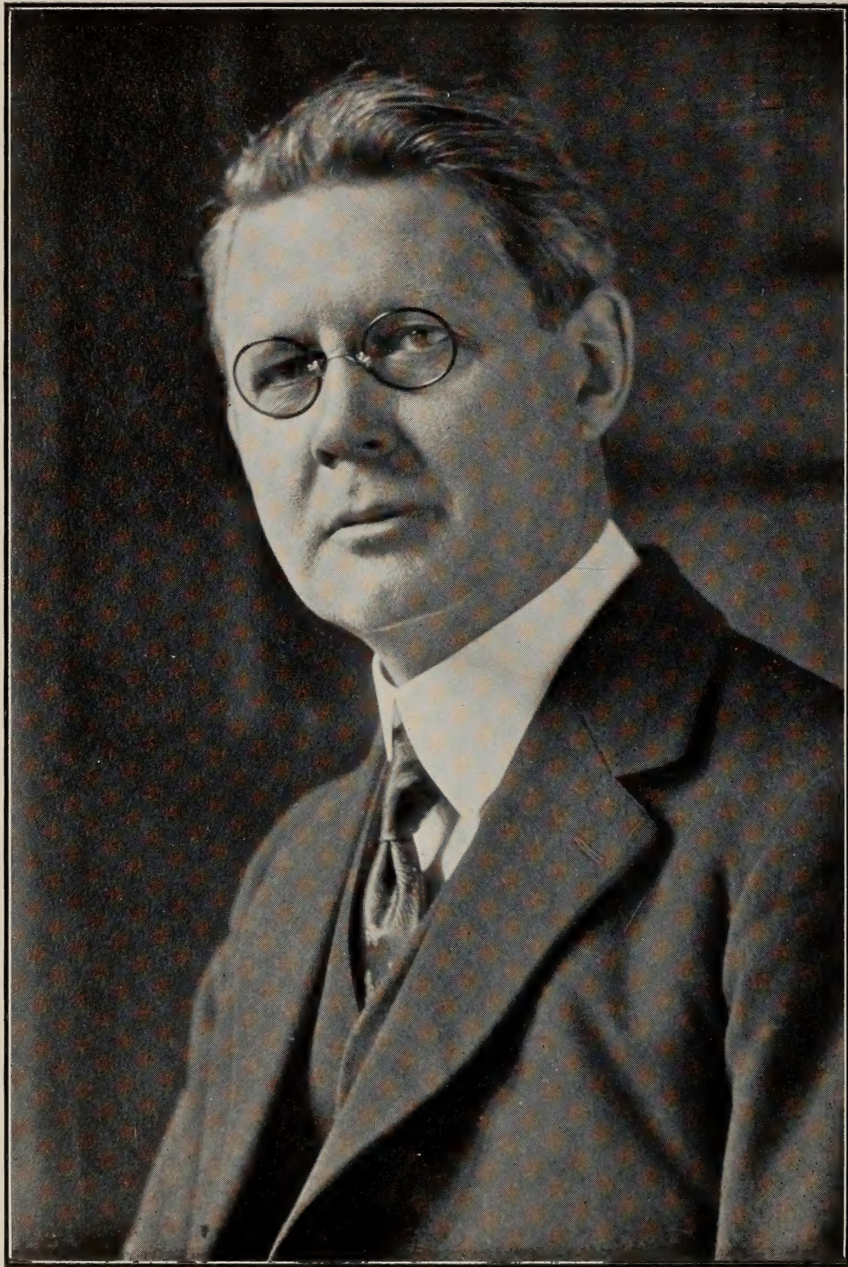
THE LATE MRS. J. J. HARE



MR. R. C. HAMILTON



M*R. R. C. HAMILTON has been associated with the College for thirty-five years as a member of the Board of Directors and as its President for eight years. He has ever been one of the best friends and staunchest supporters of our school. May he long be spared to give us his friendly counsel and service.*



REV. F. L. FAREWELL, B.A.,
Principal



Mr. Farewell's Message

YOU ask for a message to the students of 1923-24. Of myself alone I have no message; but look about you and listen, listen, *LISTEN* to the calling of a hundred voices to service and freedom. It is for you to interpret the voices and to respond freely and unreservedly—withholding nothing. Do this, and gratefully and exultantly shall you know as O. L. C. girls of Nineteen-Twenty-Four, the Master's meaning of life in that "ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Seek this freedom and seek this freedom always, and you shall joyously and truly serve—and *LIVE*.

F. L. FAREWELL.



MISS A. A. MAXWELL, M.A.
Lady Principal



Miss Maxwell's Message

IN complying with the request of the Editor for a message for the Year Book, I shall give just two sentences from the autobiography of a great man of letters, Joseph Conrad, and so give weight to my own conviction by supporting it with his: "Those who read me know my conviction that the world, the temporal world, rests on a few very simple ideas; so simple that they must be as old as the hills. It rests notably, among others, on the idea of Fidelity."

ANNIE ALLISON MAXWELL.



MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

Top Row—left to right—Miss A. Meath, A.T.C.M.; Miss B. Ingle; Miss M. Everson, B.A.; Miss K. Cordingly, B.A.

Centre—Miss L. Coburn, B.A.

Lower—Miss W. Scott, A.T.C.M.; Mr. David Dick Slater; Mr. G. D. Atkinson; Miss D. Potter.



MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

Top Row—Miss Widdup, A.T.C.M.; Miss C. Powell; Miss E. Snyder, B.A.

Centre—Miss L. Mitchell, A.T.C.M.; Miss A. A. Ball, B.S.L.E.; Mrs. A. Jeffrey, B.A.;
Miss H. Scott, B.A.

Lower—Miss H. Johnston, A.T.C.M.; Miss K. Klombies, A.T.C.M.; Miss Oaks, B.A.



MEMBERS OF FACULTY AND STAFF

Top Row—Miss F. Nutting; Miss M. Ketcheson, R.N. Miss C. G. Wallace, Dietitian.
Lower—Miss E. J. Holland, House Mother; Miss E. Bassett; Miss J. Merchant, A.T.C.M.



Editorial

The most momentous year in the history of O. L. C. is drawing to a close. Fifty years ago, in eighteen hundred and seventy-four, the Ontario Ladies' College was founded by a small group of men with Mr. Holden as the first President. The building then consisted of only Main and Ryerson wings. Since then the Frances wing, Gymnasium, Infirmary and a new kitchen, have been built. The school can now accommodate one hundred and twenty-five pupils instead of forty. We have a very enterprising board and consequently the buildings and grounds have been improving all the time. This year we have new hardwood floors in Main Hallway, and the whole school has been rejuvenated with paint and varnish. The old girls certainly will find great improvements everywhere, and we can safely say that we have the most beautiful school in the Dominion.

The school has acquired a very efficient hose brigade this year. The hose on Frances is manned by Lower Frances and Main girls, and that of Ryerson by Main and Lower Ryerson girls. They have had several practices and proved themselves very adept at handling the hose. Who dares to say that girls are not enterprising?

The school year of 1924 has passed and the time that we have so longed for is here at last, but the anticipation was greater than the realization, as is often the case.

Last September June seemed centuries away—too far away to be even contemplated, and so we fixed our minds on Thanksgiving, then Christmas. Now Christmas and Easter have come and gone and June is here, and we are about to leave our school, some of us forever. No, not forever, but for many days. It makes our hearts ache to think that next year our places will be filled by others. Others will take the walks we used to take and play the games we loved to play. Now we would give everything we possess to have those happy days back again. In another few weeks our class-mates will be scattered all over the country and we will never be together again; but although we feel so sad at parting there is one bright spot, and it is the fact that we know that we will always be welcomed back for week-ends and made to feel perfectly at home. So we leave our O. L. C. in the hands of the Seniors of 1925 and wish them the "best o' luck."

We regret that owing to illness the following girls have not been able to complete their year, viz.:—Marjorie Kisbey, Yvette Malo, Rhoda and Emma Frid, Marion Steele and Bessie Duggan, and we hope that they will return to us next year. We are glad to welcome Kay Hare back again, and the Vox Staff is especially delighted, inasmuch as she is one of our most active representatives.



THIRTEEN FORMER STUDENTS OF THE OPENING YEAR, 1874-75, PRESENT
AT THE GOLDEN JUBILEE.



YEAR BOOK EDITORIAL STAFF, 1924



SENIOR EXECUTIVE



ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE



HONOUR CLUB EXECUTIVE



DRAMATIC CLUB



Trafalgar Castle

TRAFALGAR CASTLE, whose shadow has fallen benignly upon the history of our school since its most dim beginnings, possesses a personality of its own. To those who have been privileged to spend within its friendly walls a few of the happiest years of their girlhood it pervades every memory of that time. It is not merely the place where they went to school,—it is their school. That personality however is not merely academic. It reaches back to some of the most splendid things in Canadian history. It is the symbol of the conquest of a savage country by gracious and noble civilization. Its builder left an indelible stamp upon it of his own life and character and any history however incomplete, which concerns itself with its work, must of necessity begin with his career.

When from the comfortable security of our own lives in the Ontario of to-day we look back a century to those of our forefathers, the spectacle appears to be one of unremitting rigour, hardship and toil; yet in those days Romance was a constant visitor in Upper Canada as the lives of many of its citizens can testify.

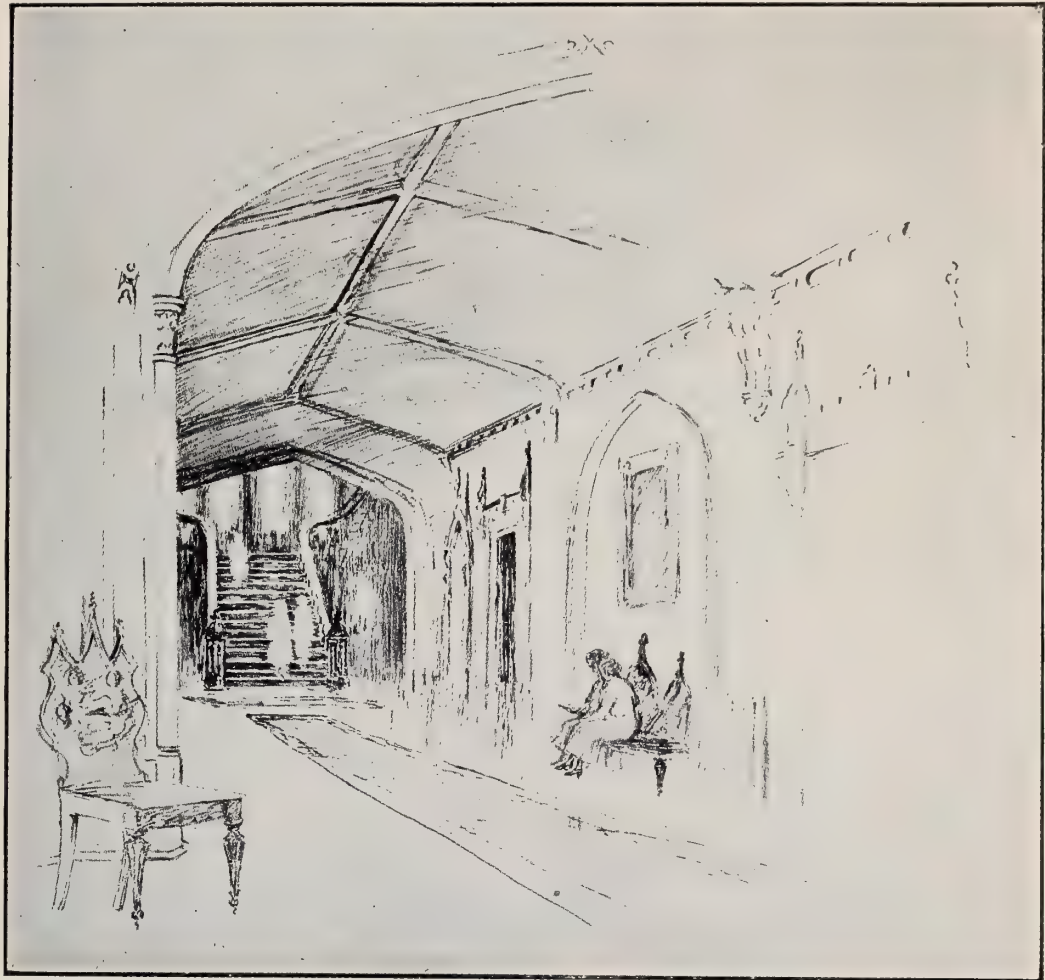
Nelson Gilbert Reynolds, Esq., was born in Kingston in the year 1814 in the midst of the war then raging between the United States and Canada. Before he attained his twenty-first year he had served in the army both in England and as an officer of the 54th regiment on the Hudson Bay Service, he had been elected to parliament as member for the county of Hastings and had become a householder and the head of a family—rather a remarkable record in what we scornfully term the “slow days.”

In the rebellion of 1837 he raised and commanded a troop of horse in the interests of the government, but his loyalty was suspected and he was forced



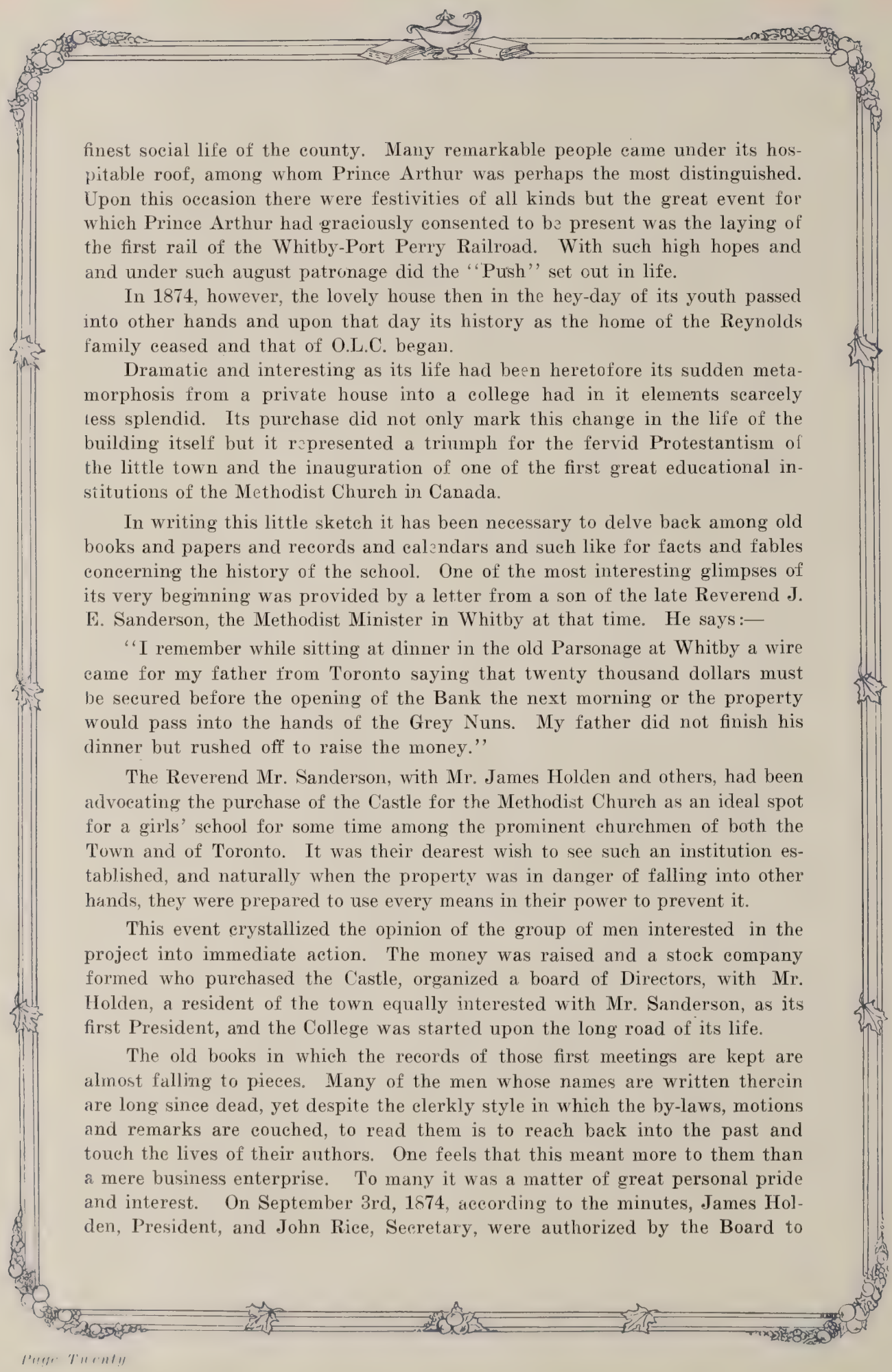
to flee for his life across the border after having been severely wounded in the struggle. He later surrendered himself and was tried for high treason, of which charge he was honourably acquitted.

During middle life he held many municipal offices both in Belleville and later in Whitby, where in 1854 he was appointed Sheriff.



Trafalgar Castle was built by him as a private residence during the period 1858-61. According to the "Whitby Watchman" its magnificence and its beauty were unsurpassed by any other building in the Dominion and when one looks at the lovely proportions of the rooms of the main building, the stately beauty of the hall and its staircase, the exquisite workmanship of the ceilings even now after sixty years of change, in the eyes of all those who have fallen beneath its spell, the splendid old mansion remains incomparable.

No elaborate description of the size and number of the rooms or lengthy lists of the enormous amounts of building material used can adequately describe the almost feudal dignity with which the castle stood out among the rambling homesteads and shops of the little town. It became the centre of the



finest social life of the county. Many remarkable people came under its hospitable roof, among whom Prince Arthur was perhaps the most distinguished. Upon this occasion there were festivities of all kinds but the great event for which Prince Arthur had graciously consented to be present was the laying of the first rail of the Whitby-Port Perry Railroad. With such high hopes and and under such august patronage did the "Push" set out in life.

In 1874, however, the lovely house then in the hey-day of its youth passed into other hands and upon that day its history as the home of the Reynolds family ceased and that of O.L.C. began.

Dramatic and interesting as its life had been heretofore its sudden metamorphosis from a private house into a college had in it elements scarcely less splendid. Its purchase did not only mark this change in the life of the building itself but it represented a triumph for the fervid Protestantism of the little town and the inauguration of one of the first great educational institutions of the Methodist Church in Canada.

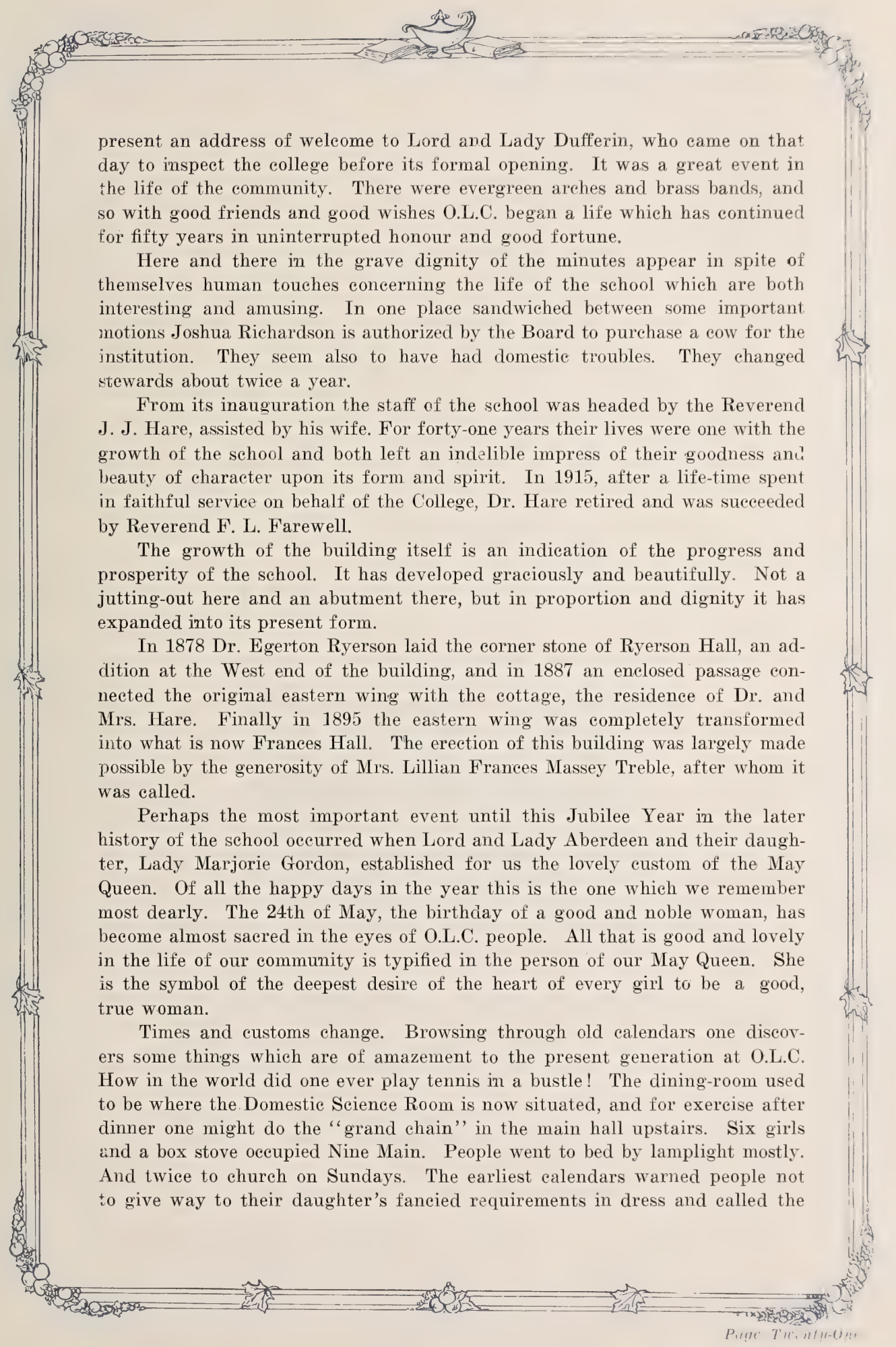
In writing this little sketch it has been necessary to delve back among old books and papers and records and calendars and such like for facts and fables concerning the history of the school. One of the most interesting glimpses of its very beginning was provided by a letter from a son of the late Reverend J. E. Sanderson, the Methodist Minister in Whitby at that time. He says:—

"I remember while sitting at dinner in the old Parsonage at Whitby a wire came for my father from Toronto saying that twenty thousand dollars must be secured before the opening of the Bank the next morning or the property would pass into the hands of the Grey Nuns. My father did not finish his dinner but rushed off to raise the money."

The Reverend Mr. Sanderson, with Mr. James Holden and others, had been advocating the purchase of the Castle for the Methodist Church as an ideal spot for a girls' school for some time among the prominent churchmen of both the Town and of Toronto. It was their dearest wish to see such an institution established, and naturally when the property was in danger of falling into other hands, they were prepared to use every means in their power to prevent it.

This event crystallized the opinion of the group of men interested in the project into immediate action. The money was raised and a stock company formed who purchased the Castle, organized a board of Directors, with Mr. Holden, a resident of the town equally interested with Mr. Sanderson, as its first President, and the College was started upon the long road of its life.

The old books in which the records of those first meetings are kept are almost falling to pieces. Many of the men whose names are written therein are long since dead, yet despite the clerkly style in which the by-laws, motions and remarks are couched, to read them is to reach back into the past and touch the lives of their authors. One feels that this meant more to them than a mere business enterprise. To many it was a matter of great personal pride and interest. On September 3rd, 1874, according to the minutes, James Holden, President, and John Rice, Secretary, were authorized by the Board to



present an address of welcome to Lord and Lady Dufferin, who came on that day to inspect the college before its formal opening. It was a great event in the life of the community. There were evergreen arches and brass bands, and so with good friends and good wishes O.L.C. began a life which has continued for fifty years in uninterrupted honour and good fortune.

Here and there in the grave dignity of the minutes appear in spite of themselves human touches concerning the life of the school which are both interesting and amusing. In one place sandwiched between some important motions Joshua Richardson is authorized by the Board to purchase a cow for the institution. They seem also to have had domestic troubles. They changed stewards about twice a year.

From its inauguration the staff of the school was headed by the Reverend J. J. Hare, assisted by his wife. For forty-one years their lives were one with the growth of the school and both left an indelible impress of their goodness and beauty of character upon its form and spirit. In 1915, after a life-time spent in faithful service on behalf of the College, Dr. Hare retired and was succeeded by Reverend F. L. Farewell.

The growth of the building itself is an indication of the progress and prosperity of the school. It has developed graciously and beautifully. Not a jutting-out here and an abutment there, but in proportion and dignity it has expanded into its present form.

In 1878 Dr. Egerton Ryerson laid the corner stone of Ryerson Hall, an addition at the West end of the building, and in 1887 an enclosed passage connected the original eastern wing with the cottage, the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Hare. Finally in 1895 the eastern wing was completely transformed into what is now Frances Hall. The erection of this building was largely made possible by the generosity of Mrs. Lillian Frances Massey Treble, after whom it was called.

Perhaps the most important event until this Jubilee Year in the later history of the school occurred when Lord and Lady Aberdeen and their daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, established for us the lovely custom of the May Queen. Of all the happy days in the year this is the one which we remember most dearly. The 24th of May, the birthday of a good and noble woman, has become almost sacred in the eyes of O.L.C. people. All that is good and lovely in the life of our community is typified in the person of our May Queen. She is the symbol of the deepest desire of the heart of every girl to be a good, true woman.

Times and customs change. Browsing through old calendars one discovers some things which are of amazement to the present generation at O.L.C. How in the world did one ever play tennis in a bustle! The dining-room used to be where the Domestic Science Room is now situated, and for exercise after dinner one might do the "grand chain" in the main hall upstairs. Six girls and a box stove occupied Nine Main. People went to bed by lamplight mostly. And twice to church on Sundays. The earliest calendars warned people not to give way to their daughter's fancied requirements in dress and called the

Lady Principal "A Female Educator", but people were reminded then as now that they were here to study!

In 1876 there was one graduate, Miss Lillie Gray, M.E.L. This year there are thirty-two. Between the two extremes there stretches a long, long line of women who lived in the rooms that we now call ours, who loved the orchard in the spring and the white purity of the winter fields, upon whose lives the old house cast a spell which can never be removed.

There is an old feudal custom called "seizing" whereby the monarch delivered up to his barons the titles to the lands he held in fief "to thee and thine heirs forever." The bond was a piece of turf cut from the land about to be given by ruler to subject. It was a double contract for it bound the two together beneath an oath of eternal fealty. Whoever goes out from O.L.C. has taken "seizing" of their Alma Mater. Forever after, part of all that is good and noble belongs to her and in return she has laid upon them the sign of her love and goodness which can never cease to influence their lives toward all that is lovely and true.

—N.H.





Golden Jubilee Programme

SUNDAY, JUNE 8th:—

- 11.00 a.m.—Sermon in the Methodist Tabernacle by Rev. Chancellor Bowles, of Victoria College, Toronto. Solos by former students of O.L.C.
- 7.00 p.m.—Baccalaureate Sermon, prepared by the late Rev. Dr. Hare three years ago, delivered by Rev. Principal Farewell. Solos by Mrs. C. A. Westley and Mrs. J. H. Perry.

MONDAY, JUNE 9th :—

- 10.00 a.m.—Registration at College Office; assignments to billets and informal reunions.
- 3.00 p.m.—Class Day and other activities.
- 6.00 p.m.—Senior Banquet; Directors' Banquet (past and present); baseball game between former and present students; bonfire and informal program on the lawns.

TUESDAY, JUNE 10th:—

- 10.00 a.m.—Swimming Exhibition; outdoor activities; group meeting of former students.
- 2.30 p.m.—Program of Chamber Music, Toronto String Quartet in the Gymnasium; basketball game between former and present students.
- 8.00 p.m.—Play, "Pomander Walk," in the Town Hall, by former and present day students.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11th:—

- 10.00 a.m.—Physical Culture Exhibition; group meetings of former students.
- 2.00 p.m.—Presentation of Gifts in the Gymnasium; unveiling of Memorial Gates; Field Day Activities.
- 6.00 p.m.—Formal reception of Former Students and Teachers; Grand Banquet; bonfire and informal program on the lawns.

THURSDAY, JUNE 12th—

- 10.30 a.m.—Concert in the Assembly Hall.
- 12 a.m. to 2 p.m.—Reception by His Honour the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Cockshutt, followed by refreshments.
- 2.00-4.00 p.m.—Granting of Diplomas, Medals, etc.

Golden Jubilee Week

THE SENIOR RECEPTION

JUBILEE Week in the Ontario Ladies' College was initiated on Saturday afternoon by a reception given by the Graduating Class of '24. The stately proportions of the old building lend themselves to any festivity but the drawing room and common room given up to the use of the Seniors looked especially lovely on that occasion. The rooms were decked with apple blossoms and white lilac, while the tea-table looked lovely decorated with a large bowl of the same flowers.

The guests were received by Mrs. Farewell and Lois Newberry, President of the Year, at one end of the drawing-room. A great many friends of the graduates motored down for the reception and spent an enjoyable afternoon either in the drawing-room, where a program of readings and instrumental and vocal music was given by the various members of the Senior and Junior Classes; or in wandering about the grounds, which were at their loveliest. About five o'clock everyone foregathered in the common-room where refreshments were served. This was followed very shortly by the departure of the guests.

Although much less elaborate than many of the entertainments to which the school looked forward during the week, the Senior Reception will always be remembered as one of the most pleasant and interesting events in the course of the Jubilee celebrations.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY, JUNE 8th.

THIS memorable day was the first really interesting one of the Jubilee Celebration, and not one of the students will forget the two services, and the re-union with the old girls. In the morning the student body went together to the Methodist Church, at which service Chancellor Bowles, of Victoria College, addressed us. His ideas were inspiring and his personality appealing. The evening service, again held at the Methodist Church, was perhaps of a more appropriate nature, being a message from the school's dear friend, the late Dr. Hare, and read at his request by our principal, Mr. Farewell. It was a message chiefly to the scholars as a whole, and secondly to the year's graduates, inspirational, and of a characteristic note. The choir was composed of old girls, and their music was extremely enjoyable. Upon returning we stood in the lower hall, singing, "Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise," until the graduates had passed up the staircase.

CLASS DAY, JUNE 9th

FOLLOWING Baccalaureate Sunday with its impressive services, Class Day perhaps meant more to the students of the College, past and present, than any other day during the Jubilee week.

Old memories were recalled, old friendships renewed. Once again we came under the influence of the school spirit which linked the past to the present and unified the whole.

At three o'clock the Seniors assembled in the loggia. Very impressive they looked in their caps and gowns as, bearing the daisy chain, they proceeded to Main Entrance, and through Main Hall to the Gymnasium.

A side aisle had been cleared, and as each girl came to the platform steps, her biography was read by Beatrice Carruthers, President of the Junior Class. After which Gracia Hodge, Vice-President, cut the daisy chain and allowed the fortunate Senior to take her place on the platform.

The two Junior officers were dressed in their class colors, green and mauve, which made a very effective picture.

After the biographies the Seniors sang their class song with much feeling, and Juniors replied with the usual Junior vigor.

The very frank prophecies followed, and caused much merriment among the school.

Lois Newberry, on behalf of the Class of '24, presented the school with a clock, to be placed on the mantel in the drawing-room, and Miss Ball, the Faculty Advisor, with a beautiful steamer rug, to be used on her European tour in recognition of her helpfulness during the year.

Miss Maxwell, the Honorary President of the Class, was presented with Ophelia roses, and in reply said "that no college could lose so large a group of girls without feeling their loss greatly."

The climax of the afternoon was the valedictory, given by Norah Holden. With her first words "So this is the end" the assembly came to perfect order, the atmosphere was tense. It was as if all the girls of all the class days, past and present, spoke through her. As if all the love and loyalty for the school that was in our hearts, was expressed by the speaker.

When she finished she received the greatest of all tributes, silence, before the outburst of applause.

Following the usual custom, the Seniors were entertained at their annual banquet in the Household Science rooms by the Juniors. Judging by the sounds that ascended the stairway, one would surmise that the spirits of the party were not dampened by undue formality.

As soon as it was dark an immense bonfire was kindled on the driveway, where a large crowd gathered to see the Seniors burn the text book of the subject that had been their "bete noir" all year, and hear the original and amusing poetry which accompanied each. After this ceremony the Seniors sang their "Farewell" song, which was responded to by all the classes in the school, and many of other years.

The whole day was a splendid success, a golden link in a golden chain of days, and will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present.

—L.M.H.

BANQUET OF DIRECTORS PAST AND PRESENT

On the same evening another of the noteworthy events of the Golden Jubilee was held, namely, the Directors' Banquet. The outstanding thought which pervaded the whole evening and was manifested again and again in the words of the various speakers, was that while the great men of the past must be remembered with gratitude and reverence, the College must not rest with the laurels already gained, but must start afresh on another half century of achievement, with the aim in view of making still greater progress and advancement.

About sixty guests sat down to the banquet, including not only directors of the past and present, with their wives and husbands, but several members of the faculty of former years. Mr. R. C. Hamilton, president of the Board of Directors, presided, and after the delightful banquet, made a brief address, in which he referred to some of the men who had been outstanding in the earlier

days of the history of the College. He then delegated to Mr. Oliver Hezzelwood the duties of toastmaster.

The toast to "The Earlier Days" was proposed by G. M. Goodfellow, who read a series of extracts from the Whitby Chronicle of various issues of 1874, which told of the efforts which culminated in the opening of the College in September of that year. This toast was replied to by Messrs. J. S. Barnard, Wm. Ross, and Dr. C. F. McGillivray, each of whom recalled briefly events of the earlier days of the College.

Rev. E. A. Chown, B.D., who was one of those present when the College was formally opened in 1874, proposed to the toast to "The Present Day," and in doing so spoke of attending the meeting of the Conference at which the proposed Whitby College was first discussed. Mr. Hezzelwood, the toastmaster, replied briefly.

"The Women Directors" were toasted by Mr. W. H. Carrick. Replies were made by Mrs. W. J. H. Richardson, of Whitby, and Mrs. G. D. Atkinson, of Toronto, the first two women to be appointed to the Board of Directors. Each expressed pleasure at being enabled to serve their Alma Mater in this way, and expressed belief that the women who were elected to the Board from time to time would make a real contribution to the progress of the College.

Prof. C. B. Sissons, of Victoria College, proposed the toast, "Our Faculty." To this replies were made by Mr. W. J. Greenwood, who for twenty-five years was a resident teacher; Miss M. Rowell, also for a number of years a member of the staff; Mrs. Torrington, wife of the late Dr. F. H. Torrington, the first Musical Director of the College, and Miss Maxwell, the present Lady Principal. These brief speeches were expressive of past events, of appreciation of the achievements of the college, and of bright hopes for the future.

"The Next Fifty Years" was proposed by Mr. R. G. Dingman, and replied to by Rev. F. L. Farewell, the Principal. Mr. Farewell expressed his thanks to the Directors for their co-operation and sympathy, and expressed the hope that in the coming fifty years he might be permitted to render useful service to the College, for at least a part of that time.

One of the most pleasing features of the evening was a presentation, introduced by Mrs. A. R. Riches, in proposing the toast, "Old Friends of O. L. C." Mrs. Riches took occasion to express the appreciation of the College Board to Mr. R. C. Hamilton, President, for his long years of faithful, energetic, sympathetic and useful work on behalf of the College. Mr. Hamilton had always been ready to advise and plan whenever any difficulties or problems were presented, and Mrs. Hamilton had likewise been truly sympathetic and helpful. Mrs. Riches announced that next December Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton will celebrate the diamond jubilee of their wedding and would welcome their friends at that time.

Rev. Dr. Tovell expressed a further word of appreciation of Mr. Hamilton's services, after which Mrs. Geo. A. Ross, on behalf of the Board, presented Mr. Hamilton with a gold-headed cane.

Mr. Hamilton made suitable reply, thanking his friends for their kind words and good wishes. He spoke, as others had done during the evening, of the great part played in the history of the College by the late Rev. Dr. Hare.

During the evening Mr. Arthur Blight, of Toronto, a former member of the faculty, rendered several splendid solos.

REMINISCENCE DAY, TUESDAY, JUNE 10th.

Tuesday, June 10th, the fourth day in Jubilee Week at O.L.C., began in watery fashion despite the glorious weather which prevailed out of doors.

A swimming meet in the school tank was the first item of the day's doings.

Both old and new students participated. Most of the events were open to all, swimming for style and speed, stunts, novelty races and diving. This was the annual spring swimming meet held for the awarding of the gold and silver medals. The judges found it almost impossible to choose the gold medalist, and finally a tie was announced between Grace Elliot and Rhoda Howe, who will in consequence each receive a medal. The silver medalist was Dorothy Maw, one of the youngest girls in the school, but one of the most brilliant swimmers. Geraldine Wright received the school numerals.

THE TORONTO STRING QUARTETTE

The Toronto String Quartette, who usually give a recital at the College early in May, did not make their annual visit until the afternoon of Tuesday, June 10th, in order that the guests of the Jubilee week might have the privilege of hearing a concert which has become an institution in the life of the College.

It was held in the gymnasium, where, owing to the transformation of the concert hall into a dining-room, many of the Jubilee entertainments were given.

The program was divided into five sections, three of which were taken up by the quartette as a whole. Mr. Blachford gave three solos on the violin and Mr. Leo Smith three cello solos.

In a programme of chamber music, perhaps the most difficult and abstract of musical recitals, it is hard to choose a representative selection which can be pointed out as pre-eminently popular. In those selections given by the quartette as a whole a gorgeous Tschaikowski "Andante" and a delightful little "Fairy Tale" were those which pleased and touched their audience most, although their splendid technical abilities were displayed to high advantage both in the Mozart and in Schubert's "Bee."

The "Minuet," a cello solo, and a glorious little Hungarian Dance "Hyre Kati" by Mr. Blachford were perhaps the best received and the most worthy of mention among the other selections on the programme.

The quiet hour or so spent in the company of such splendid music was not only a welcome respite to the continual round of festivities, but quieted minds and hearts and straightened out perspectives. The many items on the Jubilee programme are all more or less memorable in their own way, but this delightful concert will remain in the minds of many even after the other events of this week have dimmed.

The Golden Jubilee celebration of the Ontario Ladies' College continued on Wednesday and closed Thursday afternoon following the Commencement Exercises. The whole week was favored with beautiful June weather, and the large gatherings of former students and friends of the students were able to enjoy to the best advantage the College grounds which were at their best. The Jubilee week was an unqualified success, crowded full of interesting incidents, and will long be an outstanding event in the life of the College as well as of the town. Over six hundred persons were present for the great banquet on Wednesday night and on Thursday for Commencement even more were present, meeting old school friends and living again amid the associations of other days.

"POMANDER WALK" PRESENTED IN THE TOWN HALL.

One of the most enjoyable plays ever presented in the Town Hall was witnessed on Tuesday evening when Louis N. Parker's play, "Pomander Walk" was given by the students of the Ontario Ladies' College. It was one of the most enjoyable events of the whole Golden Jubilee Week. The play itself was par-

ticularly interesting and it was made more charming by the clever acting of the principal characters whose work was of a very high order. Indeed the performance was one which would be hard to surpass by any amateur cast. There was no flaw in the acting, no weak character in the cast, and all performed with a high degree of excellence.

The splendid cast was composed of past and present students of the College, several of whom participated in the play when it was given at the College two years ago, and the principal characters particularly were portrayed very cleverly. Among the outstanding features of the play was the ability of Miriam Eckert as Marjolane, who won the hearts of all; Helen Hughes, as Madame Lachenais, and Lorna Rumball as Baron Oxford; but Betty Caswell as Sir Peter Mary Howard as Jack Sayle, Jean Hickling as Brooke-Hoskyn, interpreted their parts unusually well. While much of the success of the play depended on these leading characters, because of their prominent parts, all the players should be commended for their creditable work, combining to present a play which was considered the best in years, and a credit to the Jubilee Year.

To Miss Ball, the teacher of expression, much of the success of the play was due, and she was presented with bouquets of roses as a slight recognition of her splendid work in training the players.

The stage was well and realistically decorated, while the costumes were excellently chosen. Between the acts Miss Widdup gave piano selections.

The caste of characters follows:

Admiral Sir Peter Antrobus—Betty Caswell.

Jerome Brooke-Hoskyn, Esq.—Jean Hickling.

Mr. Basil Pringle—Rosamond McCulloch.

Jim—Helen Deroche.

Jane—Doris Coulter.

Mrs. Pamela Poskett—Eileen Boake.

Madame Lucie Lachenais—Helen Hughes.

Mlle. Marjolane Lachenais—Miriam Eckert.

Nanette—Marion Anglin.

Miss Ruth Pennymint—Maude Girvin.

Miss Barbara Pennymint—Beatrice Carruthers.

The Rev. Jacob Sternroyd, D.D., F.S.A.—Leila Hunter.

The Honorable Caroline Thring—Josephine Hueston.

John Sayle, 10th Baron Oxford—Lorna Rumball.

Lieut. The Hon. John Sayle, R.N.—Mary Howard.

The Muffin Man—Marjorie Wright.

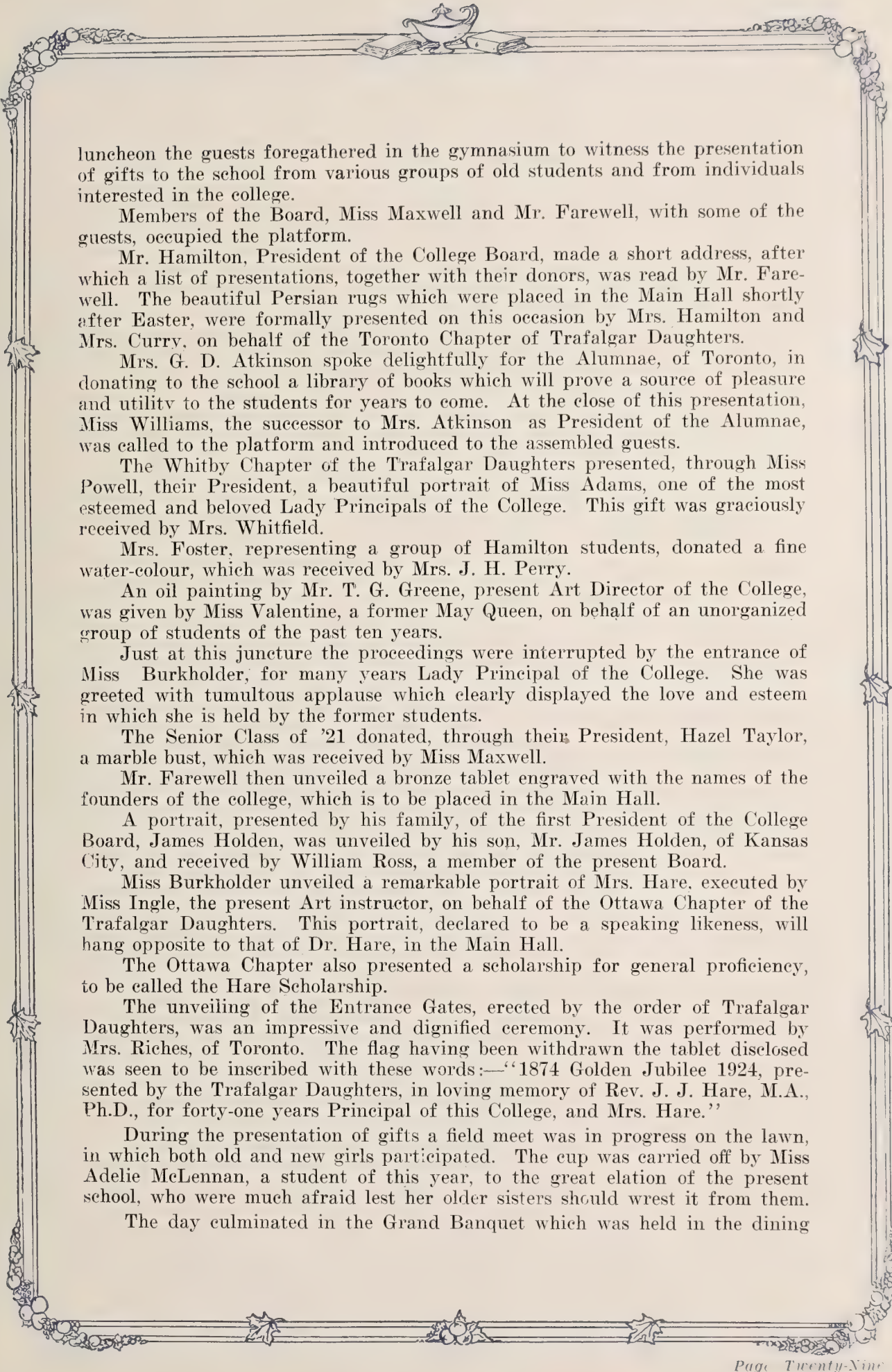
The Eyesore—Isabel Wilson.

WEDNESDAY—ALMA MATER DAY

Wednesday in Jubilee Week was what might be termed an "intensive" day. Three of the outstanding events of the celebration were crowded into its all too short hours, yet despite this they were among the most memorable and most fully appreciated of all the festivities.

The day began propitiously with the gymnasium demonstration for which the school has been preparing for weeks. It included much of the programme given on May Day plus some interesting features such as rythmical marching.

It commenced with a march of the whole school on the campus in front of the loggia which was followed by dances and exercises, apparatus and mat work. The demonstration was witnessed by a large number of old girls and visitors who united in congratulating Miss Snyder and her pupils on a physical culture exhibition which they declared to be unequalled in their experience. After



luncheon the guests foregathered in the gymnasium to witness the presentation of gifts to the school from various groups of old students and from individuals interested in the college.

Members of the Board, Miss Maxwell and Mr. Farewell, with some of the guests, occupied the platform.

Mr. Hamilton, President of the College Board, made a short address, after which a list of presentations, together with their donors, was read by Mr. Farewell. The beautiful Persian rugs which were placed in the Main Hall shortly after Easter, were formally presented on this occasion by Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Curry, on behalf of the Toronto Chapter of Trafalgar Daughters.

Mrs. G. D. Atkinson spoke delightfully for the Alumnae, of Toronto, in donating to the school a library of books which will prove a source of pleasure and utility to the students for years to come. At the close of this presentation, Miss Williams, the successor to Mrs. Atkinson as President of the Alumnae, was called to the platform and introduced to the assembled guests.

The Whitby Chapter of the Trafalgar Daughters presented, through Miss Powell, their President, a beautiful portrait of Miss Adams, one of the most esteemed and beloved Lady Principals of the College. This gift was graciously received by Mrs. Whitfield.

Mrs. Foster, representing a group of Hamilton students, donated a fine water-colour, which was received by Mrs. J. H. Perry.

An oil painting by Mr. T. G. Greene, present Art Director of the College, was given by Miss Valentine, a former May Queen, on behalf of an unorganized group of students of the past ten years.

Just at this juncture the proceedings were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Burkholder, for many years Lady Principal of the College. She was greeted with tumultuous applause which clearly displayed the love and esteem in which she is held by the former students.

The Senior Class of '21 donated, through their President, Hazel Taylor, a marble bust, which was received by Miss Maxwell.

Mr. Farewell then unveiled a bronze tablet engraved with the names of the founders of the college, which is to be placed in the Main Hall.

A portrait, presented by his family, of the first President of the College Board, James Holden, was unveiled by his son, Mr. James Holden, of Kansas City, and received by William Ross, a member of the present Board.

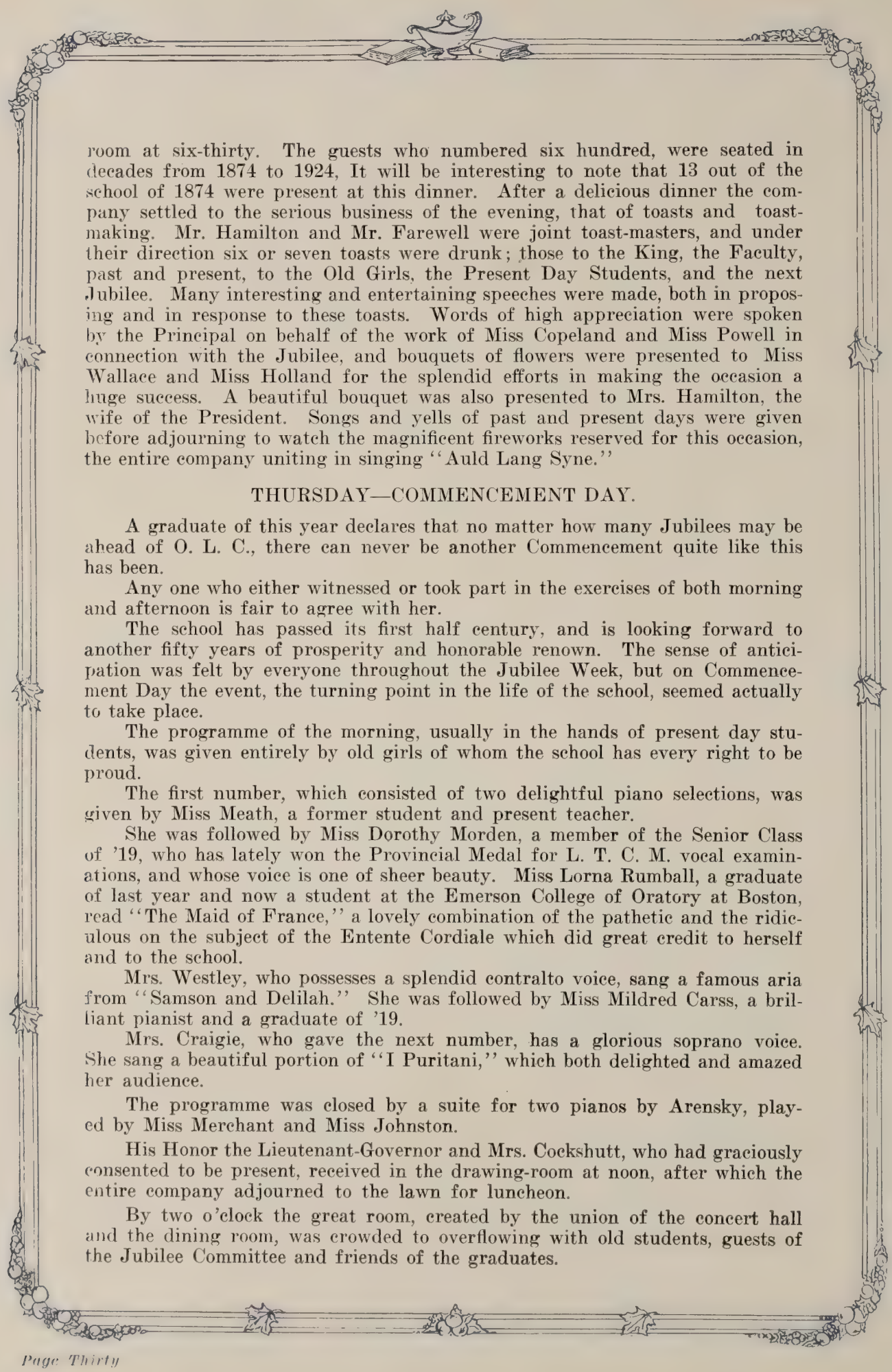
Miss Burkholder unveiled a remarkable portrait of Mrs. Hare, executed by Miss Ingle, the present Art instructor, on behalf of the Ottawa Chapter of the Trafalgar Daughters. This portrait, declared to be a speaking likeness, will hang opposite to that of Dr. Hare, in the Main Hall.

The Ottawa Chapter also presented a scholarship for general proficiency, to be called the Hare Scholarship.

The unveiling of the Entrance Gates, erected by the order of Trafalgar Daughters, was an impressive and dignified ceremony. It was performed by Mrs. Riches, of Toronto. The flag having been withdrawn the tablet disclosed was seen to be inscribed with these words:—"1874 Golden Jubilee 1924, presented by the Trafalgar Daughters, in loving memory of Rev. J. J. Hare, M.A., Ph.D., for forty-one years Principal of this College, and Mrs. Hare."

During the presentation of gifts a field meet was in progress on the lawn, in which both old and new girls participated. The cup was carried off by Miss Adeline McLennan, a student of this year, to the great elation of the present school, who were much afraid lest her older sisters should wrest it from them.

The day culminated in the Grand Banquet which was held in the dining



room at six-thirty. The guests who numbered six hundred, were seated in decades from 1874 to 1924, It will be interesting to note that 13 out of the school of 1874 were present at this dinner. After a delicious dinner the company settled to the serious business of the evening, that of toasts and toast-making. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Farewell were joint toast-masters, and under their direction six or seven toasts were drunk; those to the King, the Faculty, past and present, to the Old Girls, the Present Day Students, and the next Jubilee. Many interesting and entertaining speeches were made, both in proposing and in response to these toasts. Words of high appreciation were spoken by the Principal on behalf of the work of Miss Copeland and Miss Powell in connection with the Jubilee, and bouquets of flowers were presented to Miss Wallace and Miss Holland for the splendid efforts in making the occasion a huge success. A beautiful bouquet was also presented to Mrs. Hamilton, the wife of the President. Songs and yells of past and present days were given before adjourning to watch the magnificent fireworks reserved for this occasion, the entire company uniting in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

THURSDAY—COMMENCEMENT DAY.

A graduate of this year declares that no matter how many Jubilees may be ahead of O. L. C., there can never be another Commencement quite like this has been.

Any one who either witnessed or took part in the exercises of both morning and afternoon is fair to agree with her.

The school has passed its first half century, and is looking forward to another fifty years of prosperity and honorable renown. The sense of anticipation was felt by everyone throughout the Jubilee Week, but on Commencement Day the event, the turning point in the life of the school, seemed actually to take place.

The programme of the morning, usually in the hands of present day students, was given entirely by old girls of whom the school has every right to be proud.

The first number, which consisted of two delightful piano selections, was given by Miss Meath, a former student and present teacher.

She was followed by Miss Dorothy Morden, a member of the Senior Class of '19, who has lately won the Provincial Medal for L. T. C. M. vocal examinations, and whose voice is one of sheer beauty. Miss Lorna Rumball, a graduate of last year and now a student at the Emerson College of Oratory at Boston, read "The Maid of France," a lovely combination of the pathetic and the ridiculous on the subject of the Entente Cordiale which did great credit to herself and to the school.

Mrs. Westley, who possesses a splendid contralto voice, sang a famous aria from "Samson and Delilah." She was followed by Miss Mildred Carss, a brilliant pianist and a graduate of '19.

Mrs. Craigie, who gave the next number, has a glorious soprano voice. She sang a beautiful portion of "I Puritani," which both delighted and amazed her audience.

The programme was closed by a suite for two pianos by Arensky, played by Miss Merchant and Miss Johnston.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Cockshutt, who had graciously consented to be present, received in the drawing-room at noon, after which the entire company adjourned to the lawn for luncheon.

By two o'clock the great room, created by the union of the concert hall and the dining room, was crowded to overflowing with old students, guests of the Jubilee Committee and friends of the graduates.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Cockshutt, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, Principal Farewell and Mrs. Farewell and Miss Maxwell, occupied the platform. Behind them were arranged seats for the graduates and the Faculty.

The assembled people remained standing until the graduates, thirty-one in number, looking very lovely in their white gowns and with exquisite bouquets of roses, took their places behind the Lieut.-Governor.

Rev. Mr. Hunter opened the ceremony with prayer. Miss Miriam Eckert then presented an address to His Honor and Mrs. Cockshutt, who also received a beautiful bouquet of flowers. After a brief speech by Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. Cockshutt awarded the diplomas to each graduate in turn. His Honor then spoke a few impressive words to both the audience and the graduates. He congratulated the College Board upon this turning-point in the history of the College, and expressed his good wishes for its continued prosperity. He graciously announced that henceforth a medal is to be granted each year in the name of the Lieutenant-Governor. His Honor closed his remarks by addressing a few kindly and dignified words to the graduating class. Owing to an engagement in Toronto, His Honor and Mrs. Cockshutt were then obliged to withdraw.

Before the awarding of the medals and prizes, Mr. Arthur Blight, formerly vocal director of the college, gave a splendid solo.

The prizes were distributed throughout the various classes of the school, a goodly number falling to the lot of the Seniors.

The exercises were closed by another solo from Mr. Blight, and a short address by Dr. Caroline Brown, of the Ontario Board of Education, Toronto, representing the Premier.

However impressive the ceremonies of the afternoon had been, the hour or so that followed, crowded full of good-byes and good-wishes, laughter and tears, will be remembered perhaps more clearly than any other throughout the Jubilee week.

Hundreds of girls and women, gathered together to do honor to common tradition, scattered once more to their various places in the world, bearing with them memories of their Alma Mater, renewed and strengthened by the love expressed by her daughters during this wonderful week and facing hopefully and courageously a fresh page of life on which the history of another fifty years more glorious, it is hoped, even than the past, is to be written.



1874



1884

1894-1904



1894-1904



OLC

1904



1914

1914



1924

Winners of Diplomas, Medals, Prizes, Etc.

GRANTING OF DIPLOMAS

Literary—M.E.L.—Marion Phillips Anglin, Kingston, Ontario; Jessie Lindsay Bell, London, Ontario; Marjorie Grant Carss, Orillia, Ontario; Helen Clarissa Deroche, Belleville, Ontario; Norah Holden, Toronto, Ontario; Helen Kathleen Jackson, Whitby, Ontario; Rosamond Mary McCulloch, Toronto, Ontario; Ida Lois Newberry, Hamilton, Ontario; Emily Helena Richardson, Whitby, Ontario; Anne Mitchell Souter, Hamilton, Ontario; Isabelle Mary Wilson, Vancouver, British Columbia.

Piano—A.O.C.M. and A.T.C.M.—Ruth Preston Curry, Whitby, Ontario; Kathleen Leask, Seagrave, Ontario; Alice Lunney, Sonya, Ontario; Dorothy McLaughlin, Oshawa, Ontario.

Vocal—O.A.C.M. and A.T.C.M.—Velma Louise LaFrance, Hamilton, Ontario.

Expression—Margaret Maude Girvin, Hamilton, Ontario.

Art—Florence Viola Smart, Montreal, Quebec.

Household Science—Evelyn Mae Ball, Magog, Quebec; Charlotte Pauline Bowden, Toronto, Ontario; Martha Kathleen Corrigan, Toronto, Ontario; Isabelle Maude Fairfield, St. Catharines, Ontario; Mae Irwin, Stratford, Ontario; Alleyne Livingstone Meyers, Woodstock, Ontario; Albina E. Oberholtzer, Pefferlaw, Ontario; Hazel Adele Ott, Montreal, Quebec; Dorothy Pitt, Hamilton, Ontario; Lorna Catherine Schell, Woodstock, Ontario; Doris Marjorie Wright, Brighton, Ontario; Edna Salena Wright, Port Burwell, Ontario.

Commercial—Isobel Louise Brewster, Brantford, Ontario; Madeleine Hughes Charles, New York, U.S.A.; Mabel Margaret Roulston, Whitby, Ontario; Irma Leola Walker, Texas, U.S.A.

Presentation of Diplomas and Address to Graduates by His Honour the the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

Solo, "When the King Went Forth to War" - (Koeneman)
Mr. Arthur Blight.

WINNERS OF CERTIFICATES.

MUSICAL—

Piano—

Intermediate—Isobel Brewster (honors), Grace Elliott (honors), Vera Smith.

Intermediate School—Audrey Cameron, Violet L. Maw (honors), Margaret Ormond.

Junior—Marion Anglin, Helen Bunner, Nina Edwards, Velma LaFrance, Myrtle Leech, Inez Savage (1st class honors).

Junior School—Georgia Allan.

Primary—Jean Nesbitt (honors), Marvel Savage (honors), Ruby Smith (honors).

Elementary—Ruby Gilroy.

Singing—

Intermediate—Jessie Bell (honors), Helen Bunner (honors), Patricia Gumley (honors), Rhea Irvine.

Junior—Grace Baird (honors), Kathleen Corrigan (honors), Mae Irwin, Anne Souter (1st class honors), Gwendolyn Souter (honors).

Primary—Marguerite Jackson (honors).

Sight Singing—

Senior—Velma LaFrance.

Intermediate—Jessie Bell (1st class honors), Helen Bunner, Patricia Gumley (honors), Grace Moodie (honors).

Junior—Kathleen Corrigan (honors), Anne Souter (1st class honors).

Violin—

Primary—Grace Elliott.

Organ—

Primary—Inez Savage (1st class honors).

AWARDING OF MEDALS.

Gold Medal, by Mr. Oliver Hezzelwood, highest standing in M. E. L. Course—Isabel Wilson.

Silver Medal, by Mr. G. M. Goodfellow, second standing in M. E. L. Course—Norah Holden.

Gold Medal, by Mr. R. N. Bassett, highest standing in A.T.C.M. and A.O.C.M. Piano—Ruth Curry.

Silver Medal, by Mr. G. D. Atkinson, second standing in A.T.C.M. and A.O.C.M.—Kathleen Leask.

George Cormack Memorial Gold Medal, highest standing A.T.C.M. and A.O.C.M. Vocal—Velma LaFrance.

Gold Medal, by Mr. R. C. Hamilton, highest standing in Expression Course—Maude Girvin.

R. J. Score Memorial Gold Medal, highest standing in Household Science Course—Evelyn Ball.

Silver Medal, by Mr. Robert Thompson, second standing in Household Science Course—Isabelle Fairfield.

John Rice Memorial Gold Medal, by Mrs. John Rice, highest standing in Two-Year Commercial Course—Mabel Roulston.

Silver Medal, highest standing in Commercial Course, one year—Irma Walker.

Governor-General's Medal, highest standing in Junior Matriculation English—Isabel Brown.

Gold Medal, by Mr. F. L. Farewell, highest proficiency in swimming, life-saving, etc., open to students holding Award of Merit Certificates from Royal Life Saving Society of England — Grace Elliott and Rhoda Howe (equal).

Silver Medal, by Mrs. A. A. Lees, highest proficiency in swimming, life-saving, etc., open to students holding bronze medallions from the Royal Life Saving Society of England—Dorothy Maw.

Winner of O. L. C. Letters—Geraldine Wright.

AWARDING OF PRIZES.

Literary Department—

Prize by Mr. Farewell, highest standing in Junior Matriculation Ancient History—Aileen Purvis.

Prize by Mr. Farewell, highest standing in Junior Matriculation British History—Kathleen Jenkins.

Trafalgar Daughters' Scholarship, highest standing in any three academic subjects, 1922-23—Norah Holden.

Musical Department—

Prizes given by A. & S. Nordheimer:

Highest standing in Intermediate Piano—Grace Elliott.

Highest standing in Junior Piano—Inez E. Savage.

Highest standing in Primary Piano—Marvel Savage.

Highest standing in Junior Vocal—Anne Souter.

Highest standing in Primary Vocal—Marguerite Jackson.

Highest standing in Primary Organ—Inez Savage

Award by David Dick Slater, highest standing in Intermediate Vocal —Patricia Gumley.

Art Department—

Awards by T. G. Greene, O.S.A., and Miss Bertha Ingle:

Highest standing in Senior Art—Viola Smart.

Awards in Junior Art—Kathleen Hare, Jean Hepburn, Laura Rugg,
Audrey Taylor.

Household Science—

Highest standing in Junior Year—Grace Baird.

Special Prize, highest standing in Practical Cooking—Marie Breithaupt.

Special Awards by Miss Clara Powell, for highest standing in Art
Needlework:—

Highest Standing in Senior Class—Evelyn Ball.

Highest Standing in Junior Class—Grace Baird.

Commercial:—

Second standing in Commercial Course (one year)—Isobel Brewster

Highest standing in Penmanship—Isobel Brewster.

Athletics:—

The honor of having name on Strathcona Shield for one year, 1924-
25—Gratia Hodge.

Winner of Field Day Trophy, presented by F. L. Farewell—Adelie
McLennan.

Winner of Tennis Trophy, presented by W. H. Reynolds (singles)—
Helena Richardson.

Swimming and Life Saving:—

Honorary Instructors' Certificate, by the Royal Life Saving Society
of England, for Swimming and Life Saving—Nina Edwards,
Grace Elliott, Rhoda Howe.

The Award of Merit—Marie Breithaupt, Gratia Hodge, Myrtle Leech,
Jane Merchant, Aileen Purvis.

Bronze Medallion—Mary Anglin, Marie Breithaupt, Viola Curry,
Gratia Hodge, Myrtle Leech, Mary Lundy, Eleanor Manning,
Dorothy Maw, Aileen Purvis, Ruth Swartz, Irma Walker, Isobel
Wilson.





Graduation Class



Lois Newberry

Lois hails from Hamilton. She obtained her early education at public school, later going to Miss Murphy's, and finally reaching O.L.C., where beginning as a Freshman she was Secretary-Treasurer the next year. She was Vice-President of the Sophs, and in her Junior year was made President. We also find her councillor in the May Queen's Court. Last year Lolie seemed to have her mind made up that she would not return, but old associates were too tempting and she came back to be Senior President. This year she was Assistant Editor of the Vox, and in the absence of the editor took full responsibility of publishing Christmas Vox. This year Lolie is leaving us, with an M.E.L. tucked up her sleeve.

Favourite Expression:—"Jr. back to the door," and "Catch up kids."

Hobby:—Chasing Daddy.

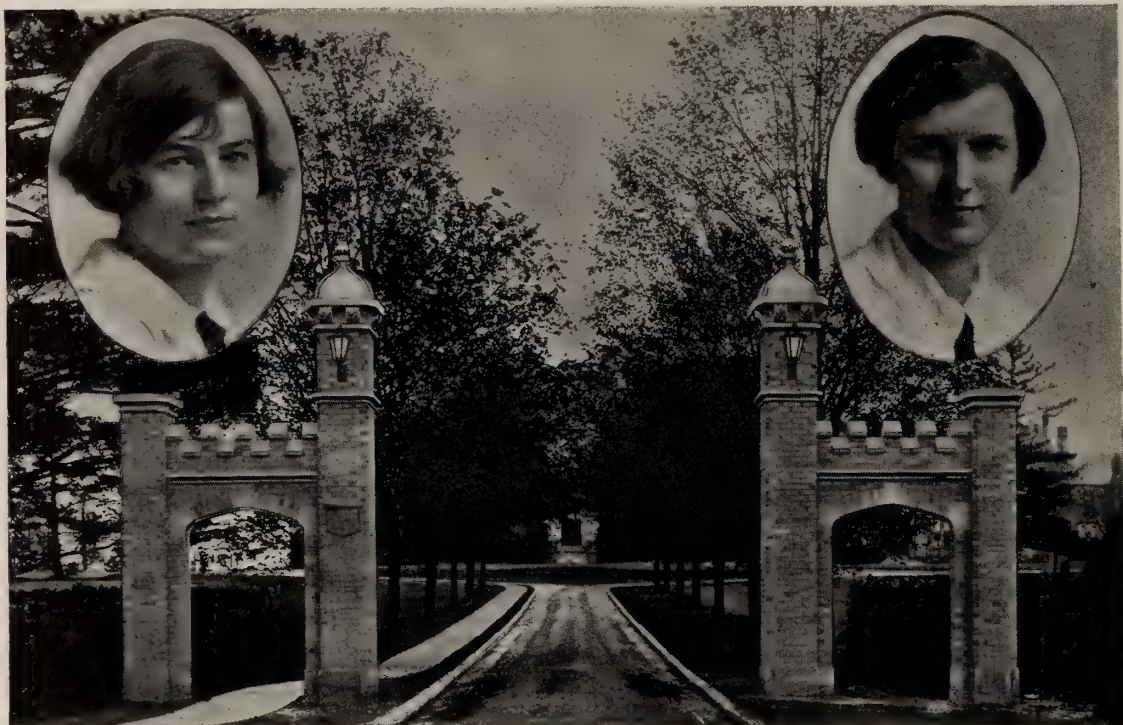
A steady hand to guide us and energy unbounded to work.

Helma LaFrance

Toronto boasts her birthplace and Hamilton has rejoiced that she has spent most of her life there. Before thoughts of O.L.C. reached the dear girl's mind she stumbled into Kingsthorpe, one of the centres of womanly training in Hamilton. News of O. L. C. was too much for Vel so she picked up her books and flew. From then until now she has sung the days in and out, and now leaves with her A.T.C.M. The school appreciated her to the extent of making her President of Okticlos, Vice-President of Senior Class, Secretary of Honor Club and one of last year's Councillors.

When I feel like having a hearty laugh in years to come I shall just think of Vel and her favorite saying: "I'm going out of my mind."

Her Hobby:—"Collecting stamps."



Viola Smart

Bobbie attended public school in Montreal and later when she moved to Toronto she went on with her High School course at Bishop Strachan's.

In 1922 she arrived in O.L.C. to take Matric. and Jr. Art; the next year she dropped Matric. work and specialized in Art, from which course she is now graduating.

Bobbie was an energetic worker on the Athletic Executive and also on the Vox staff.

We will all miss her bright smiles and cheery words, and we wish her success and happiness everywhere she goes.

Favourite Saying:—No! No! Happy!

Hobby:—Printing baby pictures and auction sales.

Anne Souter

Anne was born in Hamilton in 1905. She attended Kingethorpe school in Hamilton, then started her High School course in Hamilton Collegiate. She attended that school two years and landed at O.L.C. in 1922, where she took her Junior Matriculation. This year Anne is graduating in Honor Matriculation and has for her minor course, vocal, and has passed her Jr. examination in vocal with first class honours.

Next year we will find her at her home in Hamilton, where she is going on with her vocal work.

Favourite Expression:— "Oh! isn't that good looking."

Hobby—Composing letters to Rus.

"Oor Scotch lass wi sunny smile

Whose heart is free frae gilt or guile."



Jessie Bell

Jessie was born in London and after attending public school and spending two years at High she came to O.L.C. in 1917 and took her Matric.

Then she spent some time at home and in 1922 decided to come back to O.L.C. and take her Honour Matric. This year she is graduating in M.E.L. course and has also made a name for herself in music.

We elected Jessie May Queen this year, and we all know that we made no mistake, as Jessie is always willing to lend a helping hand, kind and sympathetic and a friend to everyone.

This year Jessie has been President of the Choral Class and Secretary of the Senior class and has filled both offices very well.

Favourite Expression:—Sh!—

Hobby—Attending dancing class.

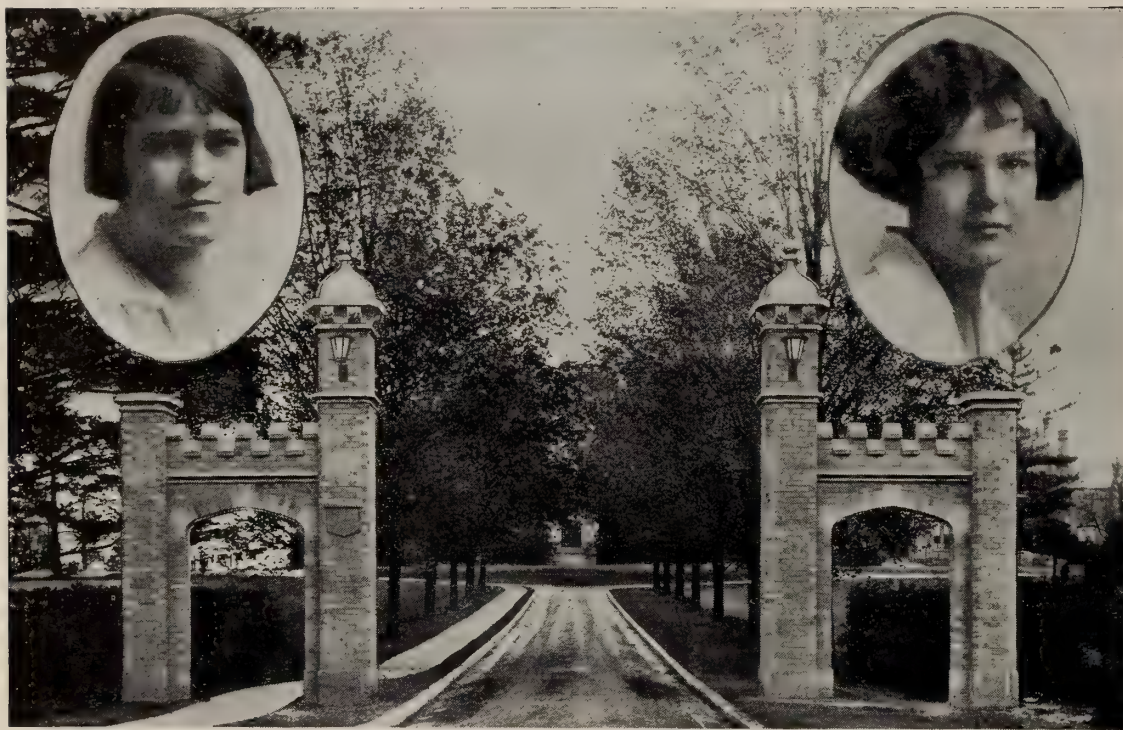
Norah Holden

Norah was born in London, Ont., on 26th of November, 1906. She attended Brampton public school for several years, and came to O. L. C. in 1920.

Norah took her Entrance that year with the scholarship. She also won the Trafalgar Daughters Scholarship the same year. She returned in '22 and took 1st and 2nd form and then 4th form last year, winning the Gov.-Gen's medal for Matric. English, and Mr. Farewell's history prize. She was also Secretary of the Honour Club, and Literary Editor of the "Vox." At the end of last year she was elected President of the Honour Club. She is also Treasurer of the Sr. Class and editor of the "School Notes." She graduates this year with M.E.L. and intends to go to Victoria College next year for English and History.

Favourite Ex.:—"I've gone to the dogs absolutely, kids.

Favourite Hobby: — Collecting Sr. fees.



Marion Anglin

On chilly November morning in 1906 a little girl found her way into this world; she was later christened Marion Philips Anglin.

She was brought up in Kingston and acquired her knowledge at the public school there. Later she went to High School, taking her Jr. Matric, and also winning a scholarship in French.

Marion came to O.L.C. last fall and is taking Honor Matric as her major course and some of Miss Ball's work. With Miss Widdup she studied for her Jr. piano, and successfully passed her exam. last week.

Marion is going to Queen's next year. We all wish her the best of luck.

Favourite Ex.—Oh! it might be worse.

Hobby:—Eating peanuts.

Her unassuming air conceals
Hosts of ideas and worthy ideals.

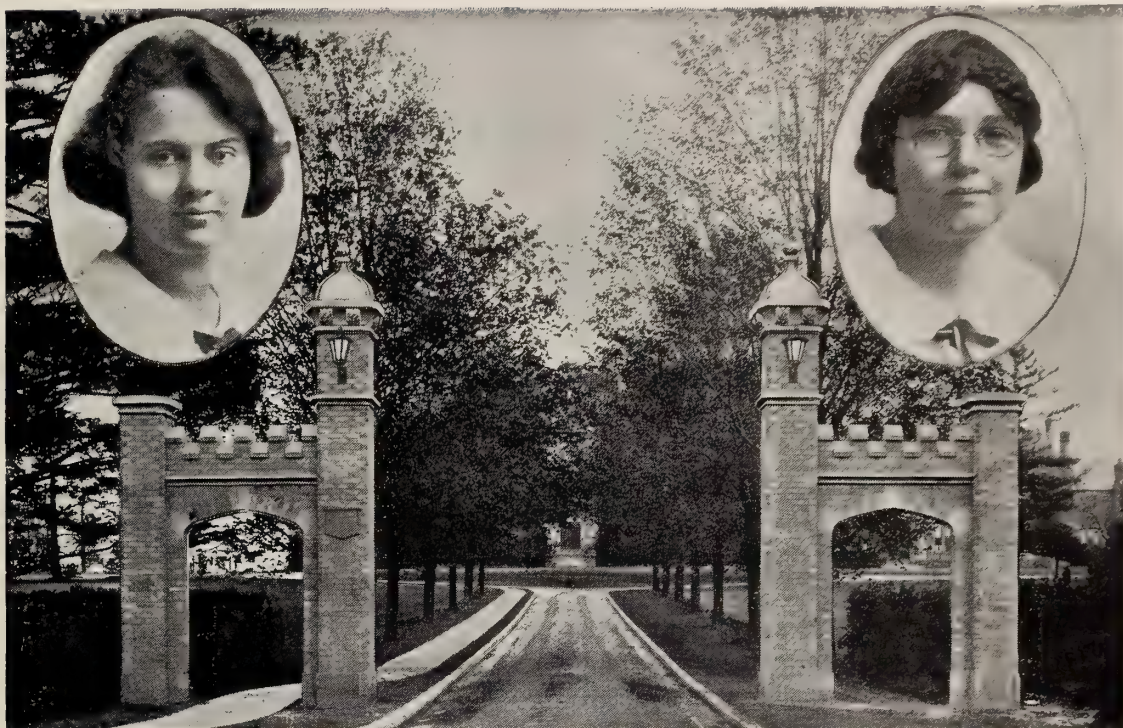
Pauline Bowden

Twenty years ago in the city of Toronto "Polly" Bowden first saw the light of day. Her early education was received in a public school, but for her last year of public school and first year of high school she attended Branksome Hall. In 1921 O.L.C. welcomed Polly to the Sophomore Class. After two years at high school work she changed to the Domestic Course. This year she is graduating and is thinking seriously of attending the Technical School and also taking music. We all wish her every success in her future undertakings.

Favourite Expression: — "Did you ever try shutting up Pauline?"

Hobby:—Crusher and Crushies.
She's not very big and she's not very small

But say, she's a pippin, is our dearest Paul.



Irma Walker

Irma Leola Walker was born in Ingersoll, Ont., on the fourth of March, 1906. At the age of three years she moved to Brownsville, Texas, where she attended public and High Schools. She delighted the students and guests of Brownsville High School with the eloquence in which she delivered the Salutatorian address. She received the honour for coming second highest in her school.

Her father and mother are Canadians and while spending her summer in Canada she decided to come to O.L.C.

Irma has been taking Commercial, and although she is making a brilliant success of it, we have all been wondering why she had not chosen Domestic Science course? ? ?

Favourite Expression:— "Oh! June bugs."

Hobby:—Collecting recipes.

Isabelle Wilson

"Still waters run deep."

At Vancouver in 1906, Isabel first saw the world.

In order to keep peace in the household they had to send her at an early age to Lord Kitchener public school. There, like a true heroine she eloped with first class honours. The only way to give the others a chance was to move her into High School, so they gave her a diploma and passed her on. After a few years they packed her off east to O.L.C. There she started work in earnest, and now she is leaving us with flying colours as an M.E.L.

Isabel was her Senior Class representative for the Vox and has well represented the "brains" of the Seniors.

Favourite Expression:—"Any given number of words in the English Dictionary."

Hobby—Leaving her hair long (for Commencement).



Isabelle Fairfield

Isabelle she was christened but we know her better as Ikey or Maudie. Ikey only spent eleven years in her home town, where she went to public school, while the rest have been spent at boarding school. First she went to Alma College, St. Thomas, but she only stayed there a year. After Alma Ikey came to O.L.C., where first she took her Matric, except for Algebra and Geometry. Oh! Ike! Three times and out. Then she didn't consider herself well enough packed with knowledge, so she came back to take the Household Science course and has chosen Jubilee year to graduate.

Favourite Remark—"Hello Cutums"

Hobby:—Re-reading Miss Murchie's letters.

Helen Beroye

Torchy was born in Deseronto in the year 1905 on December 7th. She was moved to Belleville when she was one year old and her home has been there ever since. She went to public school in Belleville and attended high school there for three years.

Torchy has spent two years here at O. L. C., last year she tried her pass matric, and this year she has been taking her Honor Matric. Torch takes a great interest in sports, last year she won her silver medal in swimming, and both years she has played on the basket ball team.

We wish her every success and hope the future may hold everything wonderful for her.

Favourite Ex.: — When everyone is trying to sleep—Oh! that mouse.

Hobby—Making over clothes.



Maude Girvin

Maude Girvin was born in Hamilton on September 5th, 1903.

When five years old she became a member of the Kindergarten class at Stinson St. School, where she successfully passed her public school studies.

During the first three years of the war, at which time she was attending the Hamilton Collegiate, she was awarded three diplomas for faithful patriotic work.

As an O. L. C. collegian she has chosen for her Major course "Dramatics" and her minor subjects are Vocal and French.

Favourite saying:—"I'll do it or bust."

Hobby:—Voice notes.

"For she is just the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary."

Mae Irwin

Mae was born in Stratford and has spent all her life there. It was there she received her public school education and also spent a year in Stratford Collegiate. In September, 1922, the doors of O. L. C. were opened to her. Her work at once began in the Household Science Dept., as well as a year in vocal. She returned this year to continue her major course in Household Science and she is among our Jubilee successful graduates. Mae says she hopes to continue her work in Victoria Hospital, London.

Favourite Saying:—"When did they let you out?"

Hobby—Writing letters.

When e'er I hear a giggle gay
I look around in search of Mae.



Evelyn Ball

Evelyn was born on May 17th, 1904, and has spent most of her life in Magog, Que., where she attended the high school for four years.

Evelyn has graced the stately old halls of O.L.C. for the past two years. In study she has pursued the Household Science course.

It has been rumoured around that she would like to become a nurse, but our ideas of Evelyn as a white-capped nurse have become thwarted by reasons best known to ourselves.

We are sorry that we are going to lose our librarian who has proved herself very faithful to the readers of this year.

We are sure Evelyn will be well liked where ever her desire takes her, and we assure her of our best wishes.

Favourite Expression—"Oh! boy!"

Hobby:—Visiting the Nurse.

Isabel Brewster

Better known as "Issie" is one of our Brantford girls. It was in her own home town that she received her public school training and passed very successfully her Honor Matric exams.

In September, 1923, O.L.C. was honored by having her registered as one of her students. She has taken the two year commercial course in one and has received honours in her Intermediate piano exam.

Issie is an all round sport and has a smile for everyone. She has taken an active part on the basket ball team, and has been gym. manager.

Next year she intends going to university where she will uphold the family reputation by studying hard.

Favourite Expression: — "Hot canary."

Hobby—Toe-dancing between third and fourth warning.



Lorna C. Schell

It was a cold winter night when first Lorna was known in this world.

Lorna was born 23rd January, 1902. She began her school career at the age of seven when she attended public school in her home town, Woodstock, and then entered High School at 14 for one and a half years. She came to O. L. C. four years ago and took Third Form work. The next year she took her partial Matric, music, art and designing. Last year Lorna went to Macdonald Institute, Guelph, where lots of things happened that we hardly imagined of Lorna. This year Lorna came back to graduate in Household Science. She also has been taking piano and vocal. We all wish Lorna the greatest success in the years to follow.

Favourite Expression:—"Good Heavens."

Hobby—Keeping track of those at O. A. C.

Mabel Roulston

Mabel Roulston known to some of us as "Kink" was born in Amagh, Tyrone County, Ireland, in 1906, where she lived for six years. She attended the kindergarten of Miss Wilson's school before her departure for Philadelphia, spending two years at school there. After this she moved to Toronto and proceeded with her education at Williamson Rd. school. Not being satisfied, as yet, Mabel's family decided to move again. This time they came to the important town of Whitby, where Mabel took her partial Matric at High School. Last but far from least Mabel came to O.L.C. and took her Jr. Commercial, and we were all glad to see her back in the Fall to graduate.

Favourite Expression:—"Am I very late? Has the bell gone?"

Hobby:—Getting to school on time in the afternoon.



Dorothy M. Pitt

A little cramming; a time to be witty
A lot of eats and you have pity.

Hamilton has the name of "Mother City of Celebrities" in O.L.C. For visible proof, gaze upon our "pessimistic Pitty."

Born in Hamilton nearly twenty years ago she attended the Collegiate in that city and later Kingsthorpe School, in both places winning the title of "professional darling." At O. L. C. by her good nature and lovable disposition she has still remained a darling. For two years she has taken the Domestic Science Course and has been its most efficient secretary.

Her favourite saying:—"Thank the Pope."

Favourite Expression:—"Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

Hobby:—Dentyne and Spearmint.

Helena Richardson

The earlier part of her career
Was spent in school in Whitby here
She won honours in everything

Matric and all,

Ne'er o'er anything would she fall;
In athletic matters she's there on the spot,

To play her part well, it matters not what;

And with this spirit she has done so well,

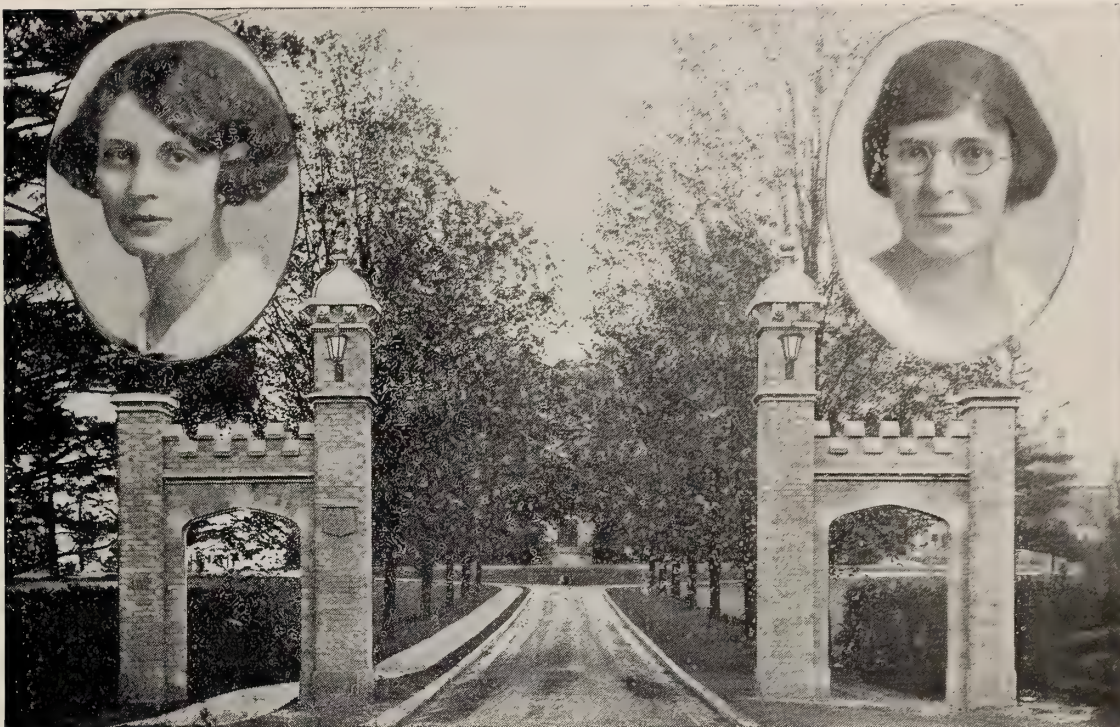
That now behind her name flaunts M. E. L.

"A pal that's worth having, a sport through and through

A hand that is willing, a heart that is true."

Favourite Expression:—"Oh say."

Hobby:—Sports and more sports.



Alleyne Meyers

Alleyne Meyers first entered the portals of O.L.C. in 1921. She was born in Listowel 19 years ago. She moved to Woodstock and attended public school and in her 13th year entered St. Margaret's College, Toronto.

During her first year at O.L.C. her major course was Third Form High School, but she changed her ambition and is now graduating in Household Science.

Alleyne has always been willing to lend a helping hand and we shall surely miss her next year in the gym. after dinner.

Favourite Expression: — "Oh! for heaven's sake."

Hobby—Doing Dietetics.

We may live without friends, we may live without looks
But civilized men cannot live without cooks.

Rosamond McCulloch

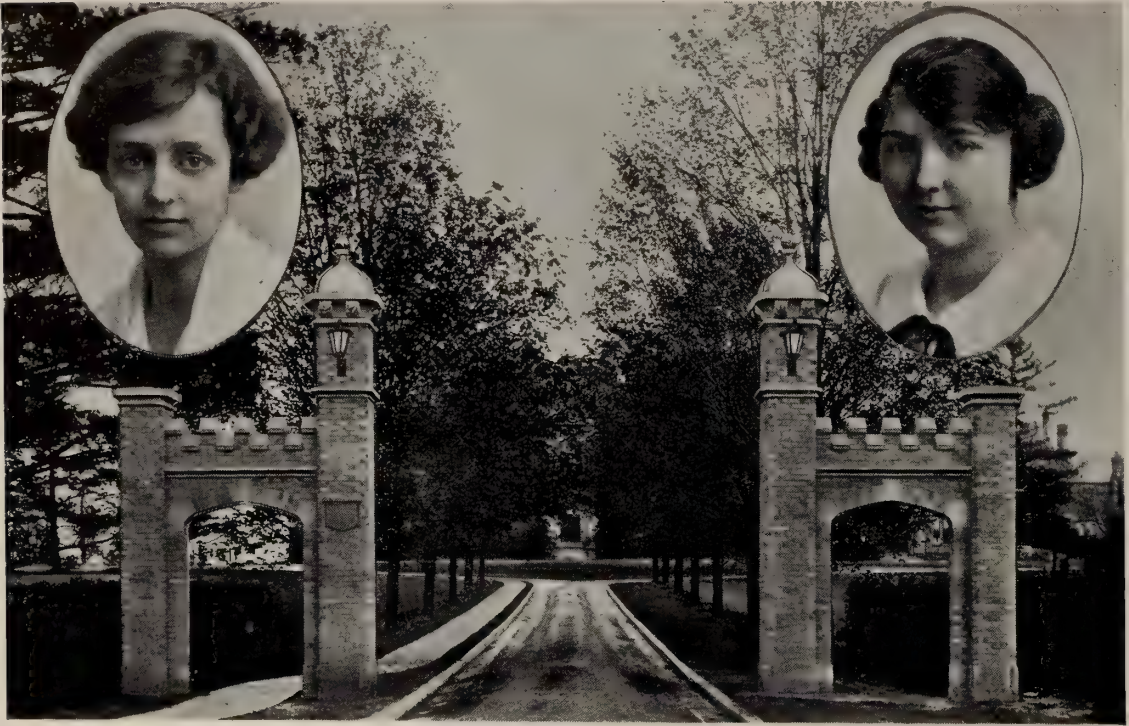
Rome was born in Toronto in 1906. She attended Brown's school till they handed her a certificate and pushed her into Oakwood C. I. "Rosie" as she was called then held office on Oakwood Oracle staff. She entered O. L. C. September, 1922.

Rome's hobby is extremely queer; she wickedly rips and slices up her best dresses and sticks them together upside down.

Her Scotch ancestry is shown in her favorite expression "By the great horned spoon."

"Rome" is extremely clever, she only has to gaze at a thing and she knows it from A. to Z. Geometry is a plaything; science, well its unspeakably simple.

Her next year will be taken with highest honors at Vic.



Helen Jackson

Many years ago among the girls who made the College their home was one who later became Mrs. Jackson and who in turn wishing her daughter to have the same privileges sent Helen to O.L.C. Helen has lived in Whitby all her life attending the public school and later Whitby High School, where she was editor of the school paper. Last year Helen passed her Matriculation and this year is graduating in the M.E. L. course at the age of 19 years. She has also shown herself to be a good sport, having received her colours on the Senior Basket Ball team, where she was a forward. Next year she intends to lead a gay life in Toronto at the University. Au revoir Helen!

Favourite Expression:— "Oh! isn't that pretty!"

Hobby:—Making tea biscuits.

Verna Jones

Verna Jones—or Jonesy as we know her, was wafted into this glorious world in 1903 at Merlin, Ontario. She spent her public school days in this romantic little village and took her High School work in London. Piano is her "Major," however, and she has done wonders in passing from "Elementary" to attacking "A.T.C.M." in five years. Verna will probably return to O.L.C. for 1924-25, to make further advance in her chosen calling.

Her Hobby—Collecting colored handkerchiefs.

Her Favorite Pursuit—Studying Psychology.



Edna Wright

Edna came to O.L.C. in September, 1922, beginning her Dietitian's course. She was born in Pt. Burwell in 1902 and received her public and high school education there.

She returned to O.L.C. this year for the closing term to finish her course and graduate, but during the winter months she took her pupil dietitian course in London Hospital.

We all wish Edna every success in her future work.

Favourite Expression: — "I know that I will get mail to-day."

Hobby:—Writing letters.

"She's taking dietetics, folks say she does it well

She'll be a dietitian soon—well may-be who can tell."

Marjorie Wright

Doris Marjorie Wright was born in Tweed, Ont., on the 20th of February, 1905.

At an early age she attended public school in Tweed and it wasn't long before she had mastered all the problems and difficulties of school life and was trying her entrance.

Her high school days were spent in the big city of Brighton, Ont., during her second year of high school work.

Since coming to us she has been taking the Household Science course, and because of her great success in this work, in the near future will be making some man good looking with her wonderful cooking.

Favourite Expression: — "Blow off steam, I'm nearly squelched."

Hobby:—Doing Art Needle Work.



Ruth Curry

Londesboro has the honour of being the birthplace of this talented young lady. In Kingston she gained her public and high school education, taking her Jr. Matric last year when she was fifteen. Then she came to Whitby. She found fresh fields to conquer for lo and behold this year she wrote off all her theory and has taken the gold medal in A.T.C.M. piano.

Ruth has not decided what she will do next year, but in the light of her present achievements we are sure that nothing can prevent her from making a success of whatever she tries.

Favorite Expression:—"Good grief."

Hobby:—Learning musical history.
A happy heart, a brilliant mind
Sympathetic, true and kind.

Madeleine Charles

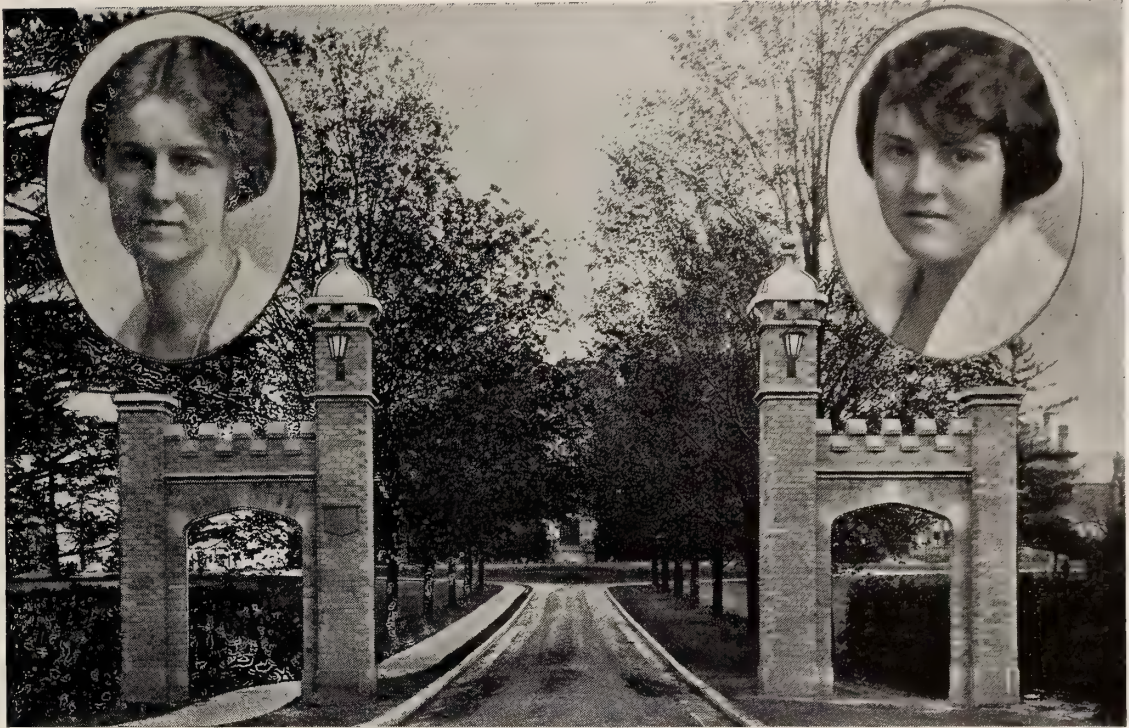
Seven years ago there appeared in O. L. C. a blue-eyed, long-haired little girl with a big name, Madeleine Hughes Charles, who has made the college her home ever since.

Madeleine indeed knows the school well as she has gone through every grade from the Sr. Third to Matriculation, and this year has taken the Two-year Commercial course with splendid results.

Until this year "Mad" had been the star forward on the Basketball Team but Mr. Farewell stole her from us, saying that she was too busy to play. Madeleine has won the silver medal in swimming, as well as excelling in other sports.

Favourite Ex.:—"Suffering cats!"

Hobby:—Looking for Rome.



Marjorie Carss

Marjorie Carss came into this fair land of ours in February, 1903, in the town of Orillia.

At the age of seven her mother decided that the right place for wee Marjorie was under "Ev's" wing at the Orillia public school. There she stayed till she got her entrance; then off to High School she went. In 1921 Ev. came to O.L.C. and after two years raving of its wonders Marjorie capitulated and arrived at this famous centre in January, 1923.

This year Marjorie was our efficient Athletic President.

Marjorie is always ready when it comes to work and we wish her all manner of success in her future career, whatever it may be.

Favourite Expression: — "Oh gee kids."

Hobby:—Sewing on buttons

Kathleen Corrigan

In Toronto on October 12th, 1904, a wee miniature of the Kay we know, opened one sleepy eye.

Since then Kay has come safely through all the troubles and ills of childhood, attended Rosedale public school and Branksome Hall, where she spent six years before she came to O. L. C.

Now after four years here she is a member of our Jubilee graduating class.

Kay has been Vice-President of the Okticlos Club and is "Keeper of the Keys" which lock the S. C. M. candy away from marauding fingers.

Hobby: No admittance to candy cupboard.

Favourite Expression — "Oh! for Pete's sake!"



Albina Oberholtzer

Albina was born in the growing city of Kitchener, in the cold month of December, not so many years ago. Living there all her life with the exception of two years ago when she moved to her sister's home in Pefferlaw, Ont., in the fall of 1922 entered O. L. C. to qualify for the Dietitian's course in her Junior year. Then she decided to come back the last term of this year to finish the Domestic course and graduate. We all feel sure you'll make a huge success at Wellesley Hospital when you enter in the fall, and we hope you'll love your work there as much as you have at O. L. C.

Favourite Expression:—"Open the window, it's stuffy in here."

Hobby:—Writing twenty page letters to Bill.

Hazel Ott

Hazel or better still "Ottie" first heard the birds sing in little old Port Hope in 1905, but claims Montreal as her home town. Before entering our college walls Hazel was a pupil at Stratheona Academy in Montreal. Then she came to O.L.C. where she started in at the Domestic Science course and is graduating in Jubilee year. Jolly, good natured, and lovable is our "Dizzy" and we are very sorry that she is not to be with us next year, but we wish her the very best of success, and here's hoping there's a rocking chair in her home.

Favourite Expression:—"Hey Pitt!"
Favourite Pastime — Her rocking chair.

In cloudy weather or in fair
We hope she has a rocking chair.

Kathleen Corrigan
Grace M. Fairfield.

Carrie
Marjorie

Thomas & William
Thomas & William
Thomas & William
Thomas & William
Thomas & William

Thomas & William
Thomas & William
Thomas & William
Thomas & William
Thomas & William

Dorothy Pitt

Josephine

Josephine

Viola Smart

Viola Smart

Norah Holden

Maudie Givvin
Marion Anglin.

Mae Durin.

Elizabeth Smith

Louise Le Strange

Alleyne L. Meyers.

Alleyne L. Meyers.

Edna Jackson

Edna Jackson

Edna Jackson



Haledictory

WE have come to the end of our Senior Year at College and to the time when we look back along the road which we have travelled, a road which though not always smooth is unforgettable. We have had, despite the feverish restlessness of the world beyond the gates of our quiet little community, that which nothing may besmirch, which no time may wrest from us,—a happy normal youth, in which we have learned much from both within and without the covers of our school books. We have been very happy most of the year. We have had laughter and friends and a little insight into great things. And in all this we have been able to reach up sometimes and touch God.

This for us is the time not only of farewells but of thanksgiving. We feel very humble when we think of all we have received and how small our return can be. But to all you we may at least say how grateful we are. The Principals of the School and the Faculty have given us justice and confidence and enthusiasm throughout the year. They have been our friends. Especially do we think in that connection of Miss Maxwell, our Honorary President, and Miss Ball, our advisory teacher, who in all the many demands we have laid upon them have never failed us but have gone more second miles for us than we can ever repay.

In our President, too, we have found a strong leader, a conscientious and unfaltering servant to our class, and a good friend to us all.

But it is to the Juniors perhaps that we would speak most particularly. We know that next year you will more than adequately fill our place because already you have displayed your excellent qualities of leadership in the very manner in which you have followed us and upheld us this year. You will profit by our mistakes; that is their bright side. You will succeed where we have failed. We know all these things and we are glad of them. We ask only one thing of you. Do not forget us. When you go about the dear familiar duties that have been ours this year, when you hold and exercise the privileges that we have had, remember we loved them too, and keep them bright and unsullied for our sakes as well as your own.

As to our Alma Mater? What can we say? Unlike Cordelia. We love her according to our bond.

In the years to come we may not do her honour by any splendid accomplishments or any conspicuous service to the world, but if folk may say of us sometime, "These women live good and lovely lives because they carry a little of the great spirit of their school in their hearts," then we would feel that we are indeed worthy of our place,—the summit of fifty years of honourable tradition.



Senior Class Prophecies



Marion Anglin

While holidaying in Paris in 1934, it became necessary for me to do some shopping. We inquired for a suitable place to buy evening gowns and were directed to Mademoiselle D'Angline, Modiste of world-wide renown. Arriving at the pretentious establishment of the famous modiste, we were being shown some gowns by a clerk, when we heard a buzz of excitement and noticed that all eyes were directed toward the doorway. Someone whispered, "It is Mademoiselle herself—appearing in one of her own creations." A dazzling figure in flame colour appeared in the doorway. As she came near me I gasped—surely that slender willowy figure could not be—and yet I would know that smile anywhere—it must be—yes it was Marion Anglin, who had graduated with me from O.L.C. in '24. The recognition was mutual, and we engaged in conversation. She told me that, always being fond of French, she had married a Frenchman, so she would not grow rusty in that language. They had gone to Paris to live, where he had basely deserted her and eloped with a chorus girl. Being stranded in a foreign country, she had been forced to make her own living and had met with splendid success, as I could perceive. She was called away just then, and the last glimpse I had of my old school-mate was to see her conversing excitedly and with great volubility in French to a gentleman who was selecting costumes for the Paris Follies.

Evelyn Ball

One day in the year 1937 I was driving through Belleville and going at quite a speed when I heard a motor cycle behind me, and rightly surmising it to be a speed cop, I decided I might as well stop and get it over with, as break my neck trying to get away. I therefore stopped the car and got out to confer with him, when to my amazement I found that it was not a man but a policewoman. There seemed to be something vaguely familiar about her appearance, but her uniform made it difficult to recall who she was or where I had seen her before. She was very business-like and took my number and coolly informed me that I would be served with a blue paper. Just at that moment it dawned on me who she was. It was Evelyn Ball, and she had been at O.L.C. in '24. Then I told her who I was, and instead of her arresting me we embraced affectionately. Of course we both wanted to know all about each other, so she left her motor cycle and got into the car with me, and as we drove along she told me her story. She said she had married after leaving school, but when she found that her husband would not let her have her own way in every respect and all the time, she decided to leave him. This she did, but he followed her and so she decided there was only one way to get rid of him. This was by securing such a position that she would have more power of authority than he had. She thought for a while and then an idea struck her. She would become a police officer, and then if he interfered she could arrest him. He still bothered her for a while but soon found that it was not worth while to be locked up every few days, so he had gone away. This was her story. I then asked her if she was happy now? She said, "Oh, yes, quite. You see now I can do as I please, and instead of being told what to do I can tell other people and if they object I can oblige them to obey." I said I was very glad I had met her and told her that if I was again caught for exceeding the speed limit I hoped it would be she who arrested me.



Jessie Bell

On leaving school the family decided to travel and so spend the winter. We spent the first two weeks in New York taking in theatres and dances. One evening while motoring the first thing that attracted our attention was the bright lights flashing off and on at the Capitol Theatre advertising the world's greatest toe dancer, namely, "Tip Toes." This sounding very good we decided to go. On reaching the theatre a beautiful limousine drew up behind us and a girl in a white ermine cape stepped from the car and I immediately surmised that it was "Tip Toes" and yet she seemed very familiar, but I couldn't at the time recall who she was. We sat in a box seat very near the stage and we had hardly been there ten minutes when the curtain rose and the lights went out with the exception of the footlights—while the music was very low the beautiful "Tip Toes" entered wearing a ballet costume of different coloured georgette and a head dress of brilliants and ostrich feathers. I recognized as she smiled that it was Jessie Bell. Her first dance was that of the Swan which was very beautiful, and her second number represented "The Awakening of Spring" accompanied by the great dancer Cosloff. In this dance she did some wonderful things, and I could hardly realize that it was our little May Queen who was so daring and graceful. After the performance I decided I would go to her dressing room and talk over old times. On entering the room she flitted to meet me and oh how Jessie had changed—her voice was very gruff and as she conversed with me I noticed that her ideas and ambitions had changed considerably. She invited me to her apartments and we had a very enjoyable time together.

Pauline Bowden

During the summer of 1944, being bored with the monotonous social activities of the city, we planned for a change to regain our youth at a quiet lake-side boarding lodge. In the late afternoon we arrived at our destination after a long, dusty journey, and on entering the door we were greeted with savoury odours from the kitchen, which roused our imagination and whetted our appetites. Dinner was served promptly, which was certainly agreeable to us. Because our arrival was considered rather an event, the table had been decorated in honour of the occasion with a central bowl of flowers and individual place cards. The decorations, the manner of serving, the variety of the dishes, the whole atmosphere somehow, seemed strangely familiar. We almost imagined ourselves . . . where was it that we had chicken dinners, asparagus, delicious salads and ice cream . . . could it be . . . yes . . . it was O.L.C. In the midst of our meditations a loud crash resounded from the kitchen, and a screeching voice was raised loudly, "You little scamp! Get out of here!" And into the room rushed a long, lanky, scrawly, black cat followed by a miscellaneous array of arms and legs plus a mass of gaudy colors and a threatening broom. The cat, however, evaded the whirling cyclone, and after some minutes spent in various gymnastic movements, the cyclone itself settled down into a much ruffled and sadly dilapidated cook. Upon my word! . . . was it . . . could it really be . . . Yes! it was our former classmate of '24! Pauline Bowden, sometimes known to us as Polly or Paul. The remainder of the meal was spent in relating to us her experiences as a cook since leaving O.L.C. At the end of the summer we left, our party going back to the city, Pauline remaining to cook, and cook, and cook.



Isabel Brewster

In the year 1954, when I was travelling through the United States, I stopped at a little way station between New York and Kalamazoo by the name of Boston. Just before I left the train at the Boston Junction, I saw a rather stout, short woman with very straight fair hair, cut extremely short, accompanied by a little French Poodle dog. Somehow, in the rush to get off the train, the dog was separated from its mistress, and I heard a very deep voice calling "Juicy, Juicy." Then from somewhere in the background came a short growl and a tiny bark. I thought, "Oh where have I heard that name!" My mind carried me back to my old school, the Ontario Ladies' College, where I spent many happy hours, I realized that the dog's owner was indeed my old class-mate Isabel Brewster, but so changed! No twinkle in the eye, no freckles, no pretty curly hair. It had been perfect ages since I had last seen her, and it was great to see her again. I made myself known and talked until the train pulled out. She told me that she had been very undecided about marriage and concluded that rather than take the risk of disagreement and unhappiness be an old maid and have a dog, giving it a name of cherished memory. We had much in common, and before we knew it our one minute was up, and as we left each other with a farewell word, she seemed to be her old self again.

Kathleen Corrigan

Last Friday, as we walked along a certain street we came upon a small, dingy cottage, and there perceived a sign inviting all to enter and to have their features revealed by palm reading, cards and crystal gazing. My friend, namely, Kay Corrigan, was extremely anxious to gaze into the sparkling crystal and to learn what good fortune had in store for her. Kay eagerly looked into the glass and could not see anything, but as the woman looked she saw many things.

A little farm house by a road side, set back, nearly hidden by unruly trees and tall grasses gradually formed the picture. When evening came with its peaceful shadows, and as the happy family were enjoying their dinner, suddenly there was heard a violent knocking on the door. A messenger rushed in announcing war between Russia and Great Britain, and that Jack must leave his happy home and join the forces, so saying he hurried on to the next farmhouse. The following morning the husband wends his way along the dusty road to protect his heart-broken wife. As time goes on the strain of worry and fear of her husband's safety shows itself in the pale, thin face and tired eyes. One day the light shone again in her eyes and at evening she leaves the little cot, locking the door behind her. She mounted a horse and followed the path that her husband had taken. The scene changed to a dugout, where all is in a turmoil and excitement. The British are losing ground every hour, and are about to be defeated. All appears to be lost when a young officer rushes in and begs to be given control of the fighting forces. The General, in utter despair, grants the wish of this gallant officer, who came to him with every expectation of victory as Joan of Arc had done many years before.

That night news came of victory. The King sent for this unknown deliverer, and before thousands of spectators bestowed upon the youth the title of "Duke of York" to which the officer replied: "Your Honor, it must be Duchess." Here the spell broke as Kay uttered a half frightened cry. The crystal gazer was unable to continue and thus left in dazed silence. It is my sincere wish that I may live to see the day when my class-mate will realize the promise of her future, and so build up the history of a great nation.



Madeleine Charles

One day I was travelling along through the country near Belleville when suddenly my car gave two or three queer coughs and just naturally died. Since I knew absolutely nothing about cars, and the weather being fearfully hot, I decided that the nearest farm-house was my only hope. When I came to it I noticed beyond the house a woman with rolled stockings pitching hay upon a wagon with such vigour that I was quite fascinated by the sight, and I wondered how anyone, let alone a fat woman, could be so energetic on such a warm day. I walked over and spoke to her and suddenly found that it was my old friend Madeleine Charles. She told me that having met the younger son of the Hon. Cecil Jones in New York she had married him with the idea that they would farm, but when they arrived in Canada his heart had suddenly become bad and he could do nothing, so she had to turn in and do the work herself. We started for the house and then she remembered the load of hay, and, hurrying back, got a step-ladder and hastily mounted the waggon, inviting me to follow. This I preferred not to do as the load looked toppy. When we arrived at the house I saw a tall, lanky man lying on the ground under a tree reading and smoking contentedly; near him was a box of Smiles 'n Chuckles. As she presented him to me he gave me a long look through his monocle. I found him very nice but extremely affected. He explained to Mad. that he hadn't washed the dishes as it was so "wawm, don'tcher know." As we entered the house Mad. told me that farming was not conducive to slenderness, so she intended to return to O.L.C. to discipline herself in a rigorous course of "push" under the careful guidance of Miss Ball.

Marjorie Carss

In 1940 my friend and I decided to visit Europe. We travelled slowly on the way. We went over England and finally arrived in Paris. We went to the home of one of my friends who had married a Frenchman, and was living there. That night, in looking through the paper, I saw that the famous dancer, Madame Crémazie, was to be at the Royal Theatre. I had never had the pleasure of seeing Madame dance, and having heard a lot about her, I suggested going. As my friend had not seen her we decided to go. We arrived in good time at the theatre and anxiously awaited the appearance of Madame Crémazie. At her appearance I noticed something about her that seemed to be familiar, and improbable as it seemed I felt that I had met her before. Still I kept watching her—and she was certainly worth watching—as she came up to all I had heard of her. I suddenly remembered where I had met her. It was at O.L.C.; we were in the same graduating class. I certainly was surprised, and, most of all, I was puzzled at the change of her name. After the performance I went to her dressing room. She did not recognize me at first, but when I mentioned O.L.C. she became very animated. While talking she told me something of what she had been doing since she left O.L.C. She had fallen desperately in love with a young Frenchman and had married against her parents' wishes. Her husband soon deserted her and left her desolate, and Marj. being too proud to ask help of her parents, had changed her name and gone on the stage. We talked a long time, and having planned to see her again soon, I left and joined my friends.



Ruth Curry

I was rattling down the avenue in my eight-cylindered Ford one warm day in June, thinking of the years I had spent as a Senior in the halls of O.L.C. No doubt the girls were even now looking forward to the Diamond Anniversary. Suddenly the discords of a hand organ, tuned perhaps in the days of my imaginings, pierced my ear-drums, and jumping from my car I angrily strode towards the offender. When I drew near I found the performer leaning against the silent policeman in the middle of the pavement while with one hand she powdered her nose and with the other she ground out Greig's "Wedding Day." I blinked, for the organ grindress bore a decided resemblance to our gold medalist of '24, Ruth Curry. She looked up, startled, and clutching me with one hand and her organ and monkey with the other, dragged us all across the street to the park, saying, as she dodged street cars and motors that she would tell me of her ambitions for the years to come. In six years if she studied hard her teacher hoped that she would be able to try her examinations in the Hand Organ Introductory School. When this was accomplished she intended to lecture on her personal experiences to encourage students of the Hand Organ. Ruth sighed when she finished, for before her were years of hard labour. Work had never been easy for her. I thanked her on behalf of the Principals, Staff and Students of O.L.C., for upholding the honour of the school, and inspired by her efforts, passed on my way.

Helen Berache

While I was spending my third honeymoon in London, I found among my mail one morning an invitation from H.R.H. P. of W. to join him in his box at the opera that evening at "Il Trovatore." I accepted the invitation finding that I was free. I resigned myself to being more or less bored, as "Il Trovatore" did not rouse my interest very much. I didn't bother looking over the cast, but I looked over the audience really more interested in the fashions than in the opera. The curtain rose with a little flutter of kid gloves like rain on a tin roof—the opera had begun. The costumes were ordinary, the scenery was the same, my interest was languid, and I suppressed my yawns, thinking of the numerous other things I might have been doing. All of a sudden a voice smote upon my ear, a golden voice that awoke me from my reverie. I looked at the prima donna, there was nothing familiar about her; I looked at the program, that didn't help any; where had I heard that voice before! I thought over all the operas I had heard, but I couldn't place it. I looked at the prima donna again, she was tall with straight hair done rather severely at the back of her head—nothing familiar there, but I decided to go back and speak with her. After the opera I waited for a long time, it seemed hours, and at last I had a minute with her. As I walked into the room she looked at me with a light of recognition dawning in her eyes, and then threw herself into my arms, and I knew at last that it must be my old affectionate friend Torch, who roomed next to me at O.L.C. in 1924, and it was there that I had heard that voice carolling with the birds in the early morning. Torch told me that she had decided on her vocal career at O.L.C., she had so enjoyed singing the Senior Song, and she thought of the pleasure she could give to the world through her voice. So I left her happy in her chosen profession.



Isabelle Fairfield

I am in the "Eagle," planing across the Atlantic to France. Gazing through small port holes at the flying clouds, I become aware of other wings near ours. A pair of goggles seems to stand out from the khaki trappings and behind them soft brown eyes gaze out into the space beyond. They haunt me, and stir memories that are sweet. Leila Marie was her only passenger and our planes rush through the clouds. A race such as I will never experience again is run across the ocean to a field in France. The rival plane swoops and turns, coaxing our pilot to as daring deeds. We gasp at the perfect control and marvellous skill of the other pilot. I long for the moment when I shall be able to see that person who is awakening such memories. We glide lower and I step expectantly out and hurry to the other plane.. The brown eyes laugh through the goggles. Who, oh! who owns those eyes and such a reckless dashing disposition? The pilot slowly removes the cap and goggles—Ikey—my dear little gentle Domestic!—the first woman pilot to cross the Atlantic!—the reckless pilot who raced us from Canada to France—and won! Oh! what an undreamed of future. I gasp and wonder what other daring exploits lie ahead of those brown eyes. And to complete the picture, a lone passenger stepped from the plane—Miss Murchie!

Lois Newberry

On a trip to Czecho-Slovakia, I had to stop in the little town of Watsonovitch to have some necessary repairs made to my aeroplane. It was almost dark, and finding the town deserted, I was at a loss to know how to spend the night. Suddenly I was arrested by a glaring globe of one of the shops striped with coral silver and blue. Where had I seen these colour before? Now I remember; those were the colors of the Senior Class of '24 at O.L.C. It was too great an opportunity to help slip, so I peered into the window. There I beheld a woman sitting at a desk, reading and evidently enjoying—could it be Horace? So I sounded the knocker and went in. Vaguely familiar was the orderly arrangement of the shop; not a chair out of place, not a picture crooked. Declaring I was a stranger to the town I asked her how I might spend the night pleasantly.

"The Ernestine Orchestra is giving a recital tonight," she replied. "Won't you come with me? I have two complimentary tickets which the leader of the orchestra gave me." She spoke so earnestly that I felt I should offend her if I refused. After all I might as well listen to the concert as go elsewhere, so we started out. I noticed she had a Canadian accent and I asked her if she had ever visited Canada. "Visited Canada! why my dear woman I was born there and went to school at O.L.C.," she exclaimed. "O.L.C." I gasped, "I went there too." Suddenly light began to dawn on me. "Can it be possible you are Lois Newberry who went to school with me?" Well, it was Lolie all right, and not so very much changed either. Of course I wanted to know what Lolie had been doing since I last saw her. She said she had been married but had been forced to get a divorce from her husband because he could not part his hair straight. Then she had taken up interior decorating here in Czecho-Slovakia, attracted to this little town, no doubt, by its possibilities, and was doing famously. At the same time we both remembered the recital, but it was far too late now, so we said good-night and good-bye.

Norah Holden

It was the regular meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society held in the Methodist Parsonage of a western town. The business of the meeting had been attended to and the ladies were seated in little groups, chatting over their teacups. One of these groups particularly attracted my attention. It consisted of four elderly ladies, one of whom was commanding the conversation, while the others listened eagerly, at times making startled interjections. I could not help overhearing, and I soon found out that all had been members of the Graduating Class of O.L.C. of 1924, and that the chief speaker had just returned from attending the 100th Jubilee celebration, and was narrating her experiences to her former class-mates. Suddenly her listeners started up in amazement and horror. "What," they ejaculated in a chorus, "Norah Holden, a gym teacher at her age! Why she must be nearly seventy," and they all sat back in their chairs and gasped. "Yes," the speaker continued, "she is a gymn. teacher at the O.L.C. and is as active as any of her pupils. In fact she is remarkably well preserved. She is a picture in her curly bobbed hair, now of course quite grey." "But," asked one of the listeners, "What in the world induced Norah Holden to become a gymn. teacher?" "Well," explained the recent visitor of O.L.C., "it was this way. You all remember Norah's ambitions. Right after leaving O.L.C. she went to Toronto University where she enrolled in her favorite college, U.C. She specialized in English, in which you remember she excelled at O.L.C. Following her graduation from U. C., in pursuit of a girlish fancy she went to McGill and took post graduate work. But alas, her sweet dream was not realized owing to some reason which she alone knows. And so she commenced on what she thought would be her life work, the imparting of a knowledge of English to the ignorant younger generation. But something was wrong. She could not enter whole-heartedly into her work and she became dissatisfied with life and her health suffered. This was due to a longing within her which she had always stifled—a longing for an athletic life. Realizing this, she threw discretion to the winds, and, forgetting all her earlier ideals, took up physical culture and found that it was just what she needed. So well did this life suit her new nature that she rapidly succeeded until at the age of forty-five she had become the physical instructress of her Alma Mater. Under her direction the College became famous far and wide.

I had an opportunity of speaking to her for a few moments and was very interested to discover that she attributes her unusual abilities at the age of 67 to one fact—she claimed to have discovered the secret of eternal youth—a weekly visit to the famous beauty expert situated in the centre of the thriving city of Whitby. Just then the meeting broke up and the ladies moved away out of my hearing, still marvelling at the unusual career of their old class-mate.



Helen Jackson

Drip, drip, drip—down poured the rain,—shucks— just the day before Commencement, too, and all my hair out of curl—did that mean I had to go to Oshawa to have the wave renewed?—that had been our fate years ago when I had been a student. I related my tale of woe to those in authority. They consoled me by telling me of a new Beauty Parlor which had been established quite recently in the town of Whitby itself. I immediately took the radial and disembarked myself at the door of the “Beauty Parlor of the Gym-nastic Curlers.” Up the long stairs I wound my way, and when I reached my destination, was graciously told that I would have to wait fifteen minutes. I sat down in a luxurious chair and listened to the voices which buzzed and hummed in the adjoining apartment. I sat gazing around and noticed the white panelled walls, with blue drapes at the windows. The room was spotlessly clean and I could picture the hairdresser. Just at this moment of my reflections, a little white-haired lady came up to me. She ushered me into one of the little rooms and commenced to curl my hair. I could see her in the mirror as she worked and her face looked strangely familiar. As she was almost finished curling she said, “Oh, isn’t that pretty?”—I thought to myself—“where have I heard that expression before?” “Oh! yes,” Now I knew why her face was so familiar—it was my classmate Helen Jackson. Helen recognized me immediately and asked me to spend part of my visit at her home and to meet her mammoth Scotchman.

Helma LaFrance

In 1940, while travelling through the eastern countries, having a very enjoyable time, I thought I would turn aside from the social whirl and spend some of my time visiting a number of the various institutions of that part of India, my interest being more for the old people than the educational centres. I was very anxious to visit some of the homes for the aged to see what comforts and conveniences they were able to have.

Upon entering one building the thought came to me how very cosy and comfortable it appeared to be. The people seemed quite content, and there was a general feeling of friendship throughout the building. I asked if I might see some of the rooms, and I spent a very pleasant hour visiting the numerous rooms and seeing how very nice they looked. The whole house was spotlessly clean and everyone seemed so well looked after. At the end of the hour I decided I had spent enough time there and was just in the act of leaving when the matron said, “Oh, but just a minute, I must show you this room, it always looks so nice.” Then she went on to tell me that the person occupying that room really wasn’t nearly as old as she acted and looked, but that she had had a great deal of trouble in her life and added to this she had never married because she couldn’t decide which one she wanted to marry. This worried her because she hated to hurt her friends. Prematurely aged by these anxieties she finally had to come to them because she had no home.

When I went into the room and saw the occupant she seemed familiar, but I couldn’t place her. Finally, as I was looking around the room, I saw on her dressing table a very old and much handled picture of a fair-haired boy with dancing eyes, and recognized him to be “Buddy” whom we all respected and talked about to our old friend Vel., who graduated with me in ’24. I made myself known to her at once and we had a good old re-union. She went on to tell me that she had lost her voice and could just manage to warble a song I had long forgotten called “My Buddy.”



Mae Irwin

Nothing but sand, sand, and one lonely cocoanut tree! Cocoa-nuts on that tree, and I have been waiting seven days for one to fall. Seven days of ship biscuits and rum. Oh! how I long for one drop of the cool milk of that fruit. By means of sword-cuts marked on the trunk of a decayed stump I have kept count of nine years. Nine years ago this very day I graduated in happy light-heartedness from dear old O.L.C. with that very creature who is now the sole cause of my despair. When I embarked at Liverpool on June 1st on the S.S. Cicilian I little thought of the strange events that were to follow. Who would have thought that the boiler would burst. In panic S.O.S. calls were sent out. To our joy we saw the outlines of a sail. A dark frigate stood on our right, but just then one more explosion rent the air. More terrific—more disastrous than any which had gone before. When I recovered from the shock which had thrown me against the rail at the stern, I dared not look around me. The confusion and the cries were heartrending. Suddenly my eye rested on a little skiff bumping against the side; with frantic eagerness I crawled over the side and fell into it. Hastily I loosened the painter and pulled for the frigate. As soon as I reached her I hailed her and was hauled up to safety. What was my horror and surprise to see black-browed buccaneers leaning against the fore-castle laughing in insane glee over the unhappy plight of my shipmates. With horse pistol and cutlass the commander made a figure which inspired awe and cringing obedience from the band which looked almost as ferocious as he. His well cut black velvet jacket emphasized the broadness of his shoulders—a red and white kerchief was round his neck, which had something strangely familiar about it. Perhaps this creature felt my eyes, for just then he turned around and saw me. He advanced—my eyes were caught by an O.L.C. graduation pin stuck in the folds of that same red kerchief. Horror of horrors—this was the “Mad Hyena” a pirate feared on every sea! This was the creature who had made so many men and fair women walk the plank. This was Mae Irwin! !! Two days later she marooned me on this barren island in fear lest I disclose her identity, and she be made to suffer for her many crimes. Perhaps some schooner will pass this way, then perhaps,—This diary was found about a hundred years ago—the original will be found in the British Museum—the fate of the writer was never known.

Viola Smart

Since leaving O.L.C. I have run across a number of my old class-mates and have learned a great deal about their history since graduating in 1924. The most surprising story is that of Bobby Smart. One day when I was in Peterborough the friend whom I was visiting took me to the market, while she bought some pork for her dinner party. In the meat stall to which we went there was a very shabby woman, and when she came to wait on us she looked familiar, and I soon recognized Bobby. She told me some of her life. Having been turned down by Tubby she married Happy in order to forget. Her life had been quite smooth living on a farm a short distance out of the city. She asked me to visit her. The only time I had was the day I was leaving; so I went to see her for a few moments. We talked over old times and the time passed very quickly. Soon I heard the honk of her husband's Ford and I was rolled away in luxury to the station.



Albina Oberholtzer

I should like my hearers to come into the future, a little way with me; just into the winter of 1925. We shall take a peep into the Wrigley Spearmint Gum Factory. There we see a large number of girls dressed all in white and all apparently happy. On going closer to the girls we overhear their conversation. They are all talking about a girl called Albina, and a boy called Bill. Perhaps you might like to hear the story:

Albina had been at O.L.C. at Whitby, and had taken a Dietitian's course and after graduating she became desirous of obtaining a position in order to exercise her vast knowledge. She secured a position of some consequence in Detroit where she had a great deal of responsibility and received a large salary. Later on she left for Toronto and secured a position in the Wrigley gum factory.


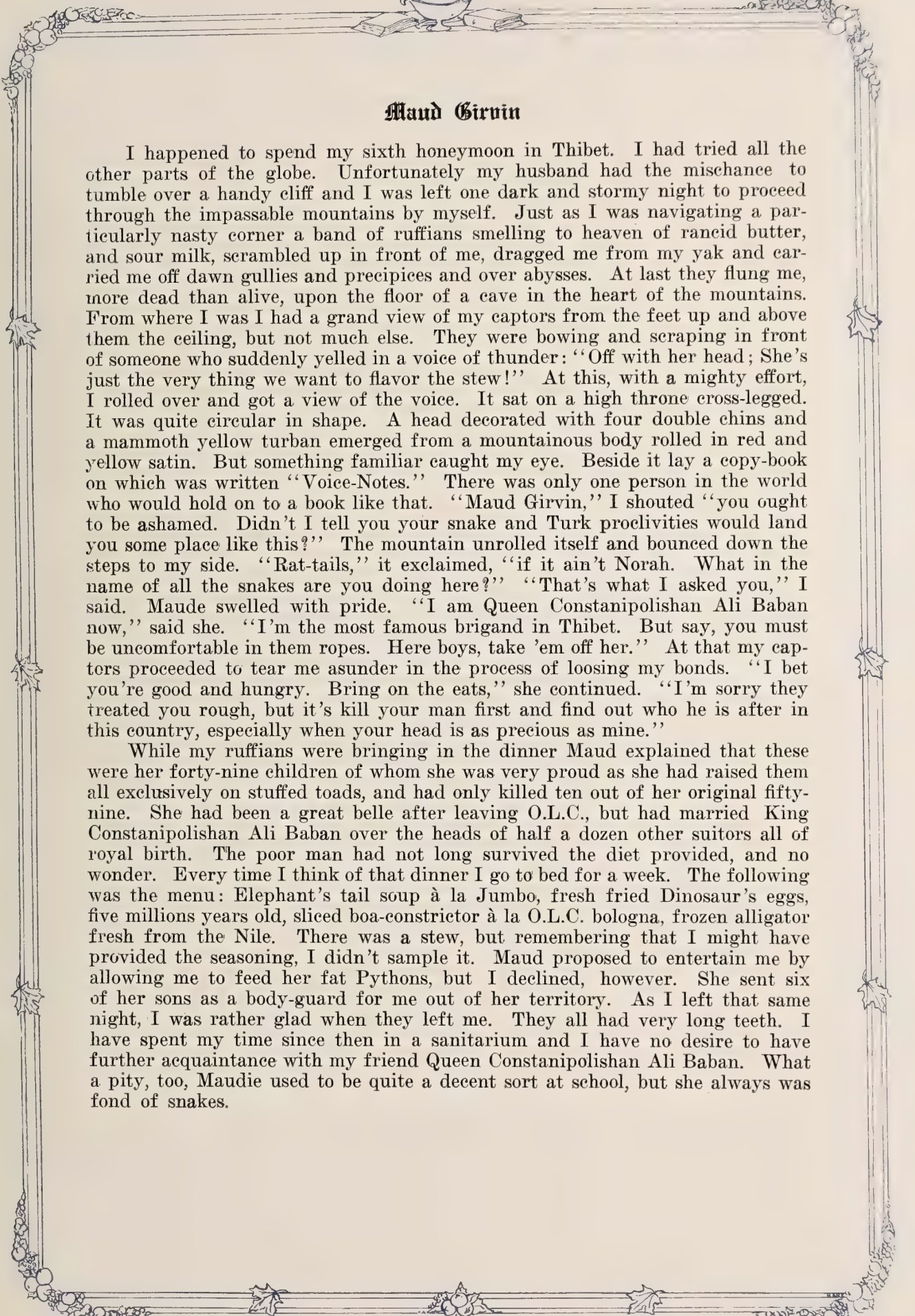
In the process of manufacture the gum is placed in a certain machine where it is softened. Albina had charge of this machine, and although she knew enough about machinery to drive a car, she was not as successful in operating the gum machine, and she broke it. The breaking of this machine threw "Bill" out of a job. So Albina, rather than put her beloved out of a job, undertook to chew the gum in order to soften it. They became worried about poor Albina for fear that her jaws might become locked after such fearful strain; but Bill was very complacent and said, "If she does get lock-jaw I may be able to get a word in edgeways." After a few days Albina really did get the lock-jaw and Bill took the chance to propose, and Albina very solemnly assented. Very soon afterwards they were joined in the bonds of wedlock. Later on we find them settled down in a bungalow apparently about to lead a happy life.

Hazel Ott

It was some years after I had started my training as a nurse, and on one Monday morning as I was returning from a week-end visit to a friend in Buffalo and walking through the Union station in Toronto with the usual crowd of travellers, that I noticed in front of me a very young girl carrying several bundles and an umbrella. Just as we arrived at about the centre of the waiting room a little thin lady with a small grey hat tied with a huge bow under her chin, stepped up to this girl I mentioned and asked in a squeaky high-pitched voice: "Now my dear is anyone meeting you?" And the child with a half smile answered, "Well! please I thought my pop was going to meet me, but he isn't here." "Well, then!" continued the lady of the hat, "you come with me and I'll see if I can find him!"

Something about this little lady's gay voice and smile reminded me of an old friend and classmate, and I decided to see what happened further, so I followed them. They stopped at an empty bench and the child sat down. "Where do you live?" said the lady. "In Port Hope, mam. Pop's a doctor there and I've come up to the city to meet him to-day to get me a new dress."

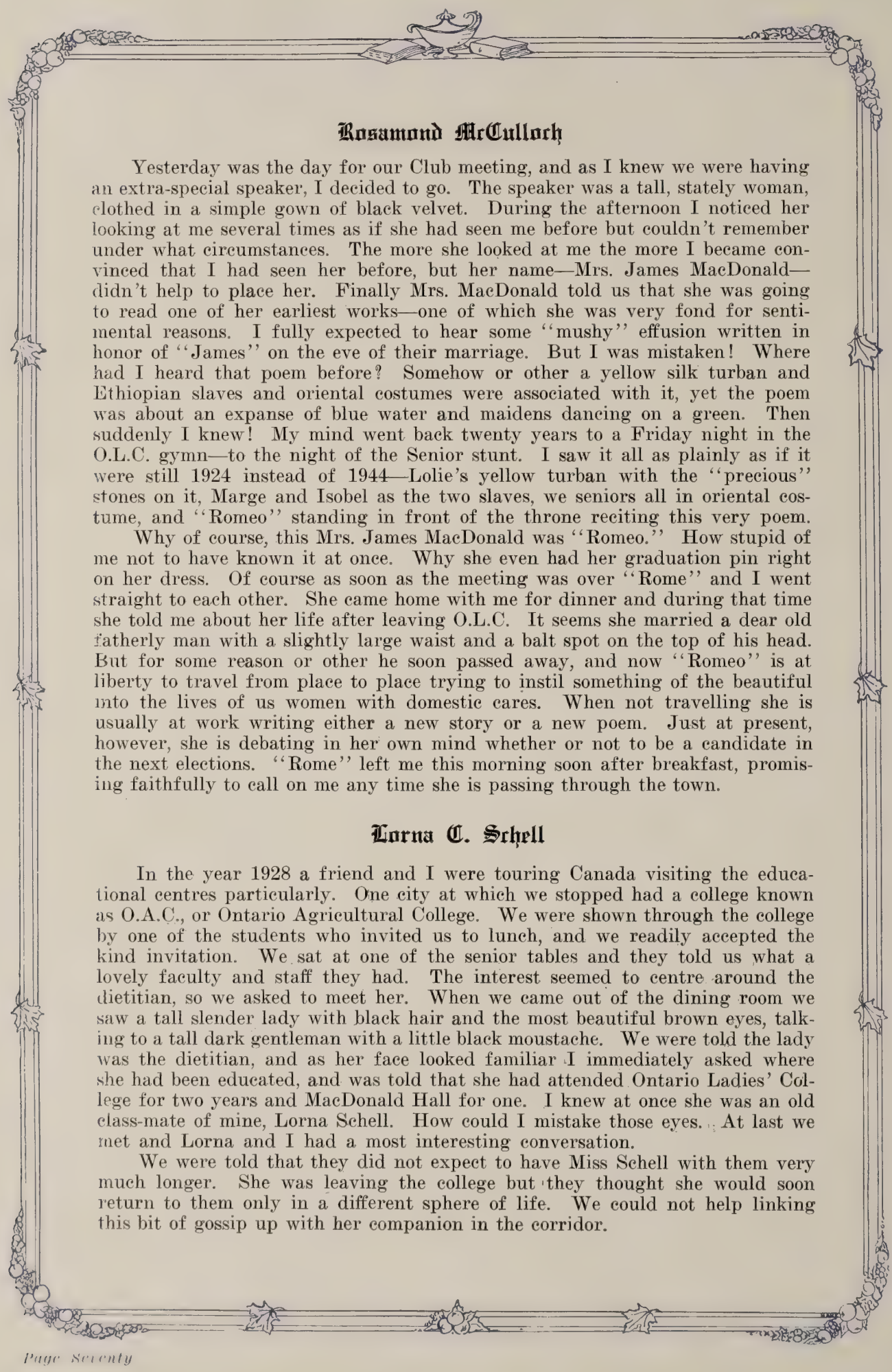
By this time I had recognized the lady's voice. I was sure it was Hazel Ott, so I went over to her and made myself known, and sure enough it was Hazel. We talked quite a while and pretty soon a large man came walking into the waiting room and gazed all around as if looking for someone. Oh! pop! we heard the little girl cry out and dash madly towards this big man. Then after the usual kiss and hug the kiddie brought her pop over to us, and as he drew nearer Hazel uttered a cry of recognition, so did the man. Charlie!—Hazel!—you can guess the rest.



Maud Girvin

I happened to spend my sixth honeymoon in Thibet. I had tried all the other parts of the globe. Unfortunately my husband had the mischance to tumble over a handy cliff and I was left one dark and stormy night to proceed through the impassable mountains by myself. Just as I was navigating a particularly nasty corner a band of ruffians smelling to heaven of rancid butter, and sour milk, scrambled up in front of me, dragged me from my yak and carried me off dawn gullies and precipices and over abysses. At last they flung me, more dead than alive, upon the floor of a cave in the heart of the mountains. From where I was I had a grand view of my captors from the feet up and above them the ceiling, but not much else. They were bowing and scraping in front of someone who suddenly yelled in a voice of thunder: "Off with her head; She's just the very thing we want to flavor the stew!" At this, with a mighty effort, I rolled over and got a view of the voice. It sat on a high throne cross-legged. It was quite circular in shape. A head decorated with four double chins and a mammoth yellow turban emerged from a mountainous body rolled in red and yellow satin. But something familiar caught my eye. Beside it lay a copy-book on which was written "Voice-Notes." There was only one person in the world who would hold on to a book like that. "Maud Girvin," I shouted "you ought to be ashamed. Didn't I tell you your snake and Turk proclivities would land you some place like this?" The mountain unrolled itself and bounced down the steps to my side. "Rat-tails," it exclaimed, "if it ain't Norah. What in the name of all the snakes are you doing here?" "That's what I asked you," I said. Maude swelled with pride. "I am Queen Constanipolishan Ali Baban now," said she. "I'm the most famous brigand in Thibet. But say, you must be uncomfortable in them ropes. Here boys, take 'em off her." At that my captors proceeded to tear me asunder in the process of loosing my bonds. "I bet you're good and hungry. Bring on the eats," she continued. "I'm sorry they treated you rough, but it's kill your man first and find out who he is after in this country, especially when your head is as precious as mine."

While my ruffians were bringing in the dinner Maud explained that these were her forty-nine children of whom she was very proud as she had raised them all exclusively on stuffed toads, and had only killed ten out of her original fifty-nine. She had been a great belle after leaving O.L.C., but had married King Constanipolishan Ali Baban over the heads of half a dozen other suitors all of royal birth. The poor man had not long survived the diet provided, and no wonder. Every time I think of that dinner I go to bed for a week. The following was the menu: Elephant's tail soup à la Jumbo, fresh fried Dinosaur's eggs, five millions years old, sliced boa-constrictor à la O.L.C. bologna, frozen alligator fresh from the Nile. There was a stew, but remembering that I might have provided the seasoning, I didn't sample it. Maud proposed to entertain me by allowing me to feed her fat Pythons, but I declined, however. She sent six of her sons as a body-guard for me out of her territory. As I left that same night, I was rather glad when they left me. They all had very long teeth. I have spent my time since then in a sanitarium and I have no desire to have further acquaintance with my friend Queen Constanipolishan Ali Baban. What a pity, too, Maudie used to be quite a decent sort at school, but she always was fond of snakes.



Rosamond McCulloch

Yesterday was the day for our Club meeting, and as I knew we were having an extra-special speaker, I decided to go. The speaker was a tall, stately woman, clothed in a simple gown of black velvet. During the afternoon I noticed her looking at me several times as if she had seen me before but couldn't remember under what circumstances. The more she looked at me the more I became convinced that I had seen her before, but her name—Mrs. James MacDonald—didn't help to place her. Finally Mrs. MacDonald told us that she was going to read one of her earliest works—one of which she was very fond for sentimental reasons. I fully expected to hear some "mushy" effusion written in honor of "James" on the eve of their marriage. But I was mistaken! Where had I heard that poem before? Somehow or other a yellow silk turban and Ethiopian slaves and oriental costumes were associated with it, yet the poem was about an expanse of blue water and maidens dancing on a green. Then suddenly I knew! My mind went back twenty years to a Friday night in the O.L.C. gym—to the night of the Senior stunt. I saw it all as plainly as if it were still 1924 instead of 1944—Lolie's yellow turban with the "precious" stones on it, Marge and Isobel as the two slaves, we seniors all in oriental costume, and "Romeo" standing in front of the throne reciting this very poem.

Why of course, this Mrs. James MacDonald was "Romeo." How stupid of me not to have known it at once. Why she even had her graduation pin right on her dress. Of course as soon as the meeting was over "Rome" and I went straight to each other. She came home with me for dinner and during that time she told me about her life after leaving O.L.C. It seems she married a dear old fatherly man with a slightly large waist and a bald spot on the top of his head. But for some reason or other he soon passed away, and now "Romeo" is at liberty to travel from place to place trying to instil something of the beautiful into the lives of us women with domestic cares. When not travelling she is usually at work writing either a new story or a new poem. Just at present, however, she is debating in her own mind whether or not to be a candidate in the next elections. "Rome" left me this morning soon after breakfast, promising faithfully to call on me any time she is passing through the town.

Lorna C. Schell

In the year 1928 a friend and I were touring Canada visiting the educational centres particularly. One city at which we stopped had a college known as O.A.C., or Ontario Agricultural College. We were shown through the college by one of the students who invited us to lunch, and we readily accepted the kind invitation. We sat at one of the senior tables and they told us what a lovely faculty and staff they had. The interest seemed to centre around the dietitian, so we asked to meet her. When we came out of the dining room we saw a tall slender lady with black hair and the most beautiful brown eyes, talking to a tall dark gentleman with a little black moustache. We were told the lady was the dietitian, and as her face looked familiar I immediately asked where she had been educated, and was told that she had attended Ontario Ladies' College for two years and MacDonald Hall for one. I knew at once she was an old class-mate of mine, Lorna Schell. How could I mistake those eyes. At last we met and Lorna and I had a most interesting conversation.

We were told that they did not expect to have Miss Schell with them very much longer. She was leaving the college but they thought she would soon return to them only in a different sphere of life. We could not help linking this bit of gossip up with her companion in the corridor.



Anne Souter

Let us go on a little journey into the future and pretend that we are looking back on some events of yesterday. First, we shall recall our days at O. L. C. together and then that Class Day of the Jubilee year when we stood up and read each other's prophecies. What foolish things we prophesied about each other! But of all those imaginings at least one has come true.

The last time I journeyed to the East, I stopped for a couple of weeks in Spain, as I wanted to see something of that country. I was motoring through the mountains one afternoon admiring the beauties of nature, when suddenly there rose up in front of me—you know the way—a beautiful castle. It was built of white brick and had many alluring little turrets in unexpected places. On either side of the entrance to the mansion was a bronze lion, one of whom was asleep with its head resting on its paws, and the other one was awake and on the alert as though keeping guard. This seemed to me a very strange coincidence as the entrance to Trafalgar Castle, as I remembered it, was exactly the same. I was so curious that I stopped and went up to inquire of the owners something of its history. What seemed still more strange was that the servant who admitted me spoke excellent English. I was shown into a luxurious reception room, and after waiting a few moments the lady of the castle came in to me. She was a tall slender woman, no longer young, but still retaining some of the beauty of her youth—if she had not acquired it in her later years. She, too, perceiving that I was English, addressed me in my native tongue, and was most gracious about answering my inquiries concerning her home. She told me that she had been brought up in Canada, having attended a Ladies' College there. She had learned to love that college so dearly that when a few years later she and her husband were building their "castle in Spain" she had planned it along the same lines of architecture as her old school. Her name, she said, was Senora Martina, and, putting two and two together I concluded that this was none other than my old next door neighbor at Whitby, Anne Souter.

After we had brought back memories of our school life Anne offered to show me through her castle. The first room we visited was a music room from which were proceeding some rather doubtful sounds, but, on entering, I found it was only the little twelve-year-old son of the house practicing his violin under the supervision of his teacher. From this room we went into a smaller one which was decorated very prettily in pink and blue and had tiny furniture such as is usually found in nurseries of this kind. Anne led me over to a corner where there stood a little cot, and looking down I beheld a real "sleeping beauty." "Her name is Lois," Anne told me, "but we call her Snookie."

I was sorry that I had to leave shortly after, but it was such a pleasure to see her again in such a beautiful home that it will remain forever in my memory.



Alleyne Meyers

In 1949 when O. L. C. celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary, I found it possible to return for the event and renew my acquaintance with my Alma Mater and the little college town of Whitby. I, of course, found the college much changed and improved, and the faces were all unfamiliar, but the town was just the same, even to the silent policemen on the "four corners." I had decided to take a stroll through the streets, and after passing the library I glanced across the street and was struck with the one new feature of the town—a large imposing looking office-building with an enormous sign bearing the one word "Gazette." I will not take time here to tell of all the things that came to my mind at sight of this sign. I went into the Gazette office to find out how this edifice had been so enlarged and improved while the surrounding buildings had remained as they were. I was met by a rather large, austere looking lady with dark rimmed spectacles perched well forward on her nose. I asked if I might see the editor of the paper and she informed me that he was out of town but that she was assistant editor and business manager and could she do anything for me. I told her that I had graduated from O.L.C. twenty-five years before and had returned for the seventy-fifth anniversary and would like to have a chat with someone who had been here a long time, as the students and teachers of the college were all of a much later date. She looked at me, rather curiously I thought, and led me to a well-furnished private office, then she turned toward me and said: "I, too, graduated from O.L.C. twenty-five years ago. I recognized you as you were talking. Do you not know who I am?" Of course, it was my old class-mate Alleyne Meyers. Some way it did not seem strange to see her back there again, but it was her curt, business-like manner and rather plain looks that made her seem so different. I asked her how she had become so changed and this is what she told me: After being away from college a year she had to make a serious and definite choice. It was between two young men. She was equally attracted by both and either would make a desirable life partner. One of the young men lived in Peterboro and the other in Whitby, and as she could not decide between them on their own merits, she made her choice through her sentimental relationship with the town of Whitby, and thus came back to this place. Her husband became assistant-editor of the Gazette but died soon after and the position was given to Alleyne. She took an active interest in the paper and in the printing business as well. It was largely through her work that the improvements and enlargements had been made. I went away feeling pleased and proud that my old class-mate had kept up the interests of her school days.

Dorothy Pitt

One summer day in New York in the year 1934 my friend Viola S. and I stopped in at the "Biltmore" Hotel for luncheon, and not long after we were seated we noticed a very tall stout woman strut in and sit down at a table very near ours. Something made us want to look at this person, and we couldn't keep from overhearing her conversation with the waiter: "Now waiter, are you perfectly sure that ice is hygienic? And where do you get this water from? One has to be so careful in such a large city. Let me see now—what do I want—steak—Oh! dear me, I never eat meat in the summer time. It is so unhealthy. Salads—is your salad dressing made with the best oil; I always make my own. Oh! I believe I'll decide on some plain toast and a cup of tea, and be sure it is hot." After this much of the conversation Bobbie and I were even more interested, and both agreed that she reminded us tremendously of someone we knew. Then, as the waiter asked her if she desired dessert, without even glancing at the menu, she said "Boston Cream Pie, please." Both Bobbie and I knew at once that this was Dorothy Pitt—who could mistake her after such a dessert? So we asked her to come and finish her pie with us, and we talked over our college days at O.L.C., and we learned after many proposals from Bert, Frank, etc., etc., that Dorothy had finally accepted Claude, and she added, "Red is such a darling and we have such fun in our Star Roadster.

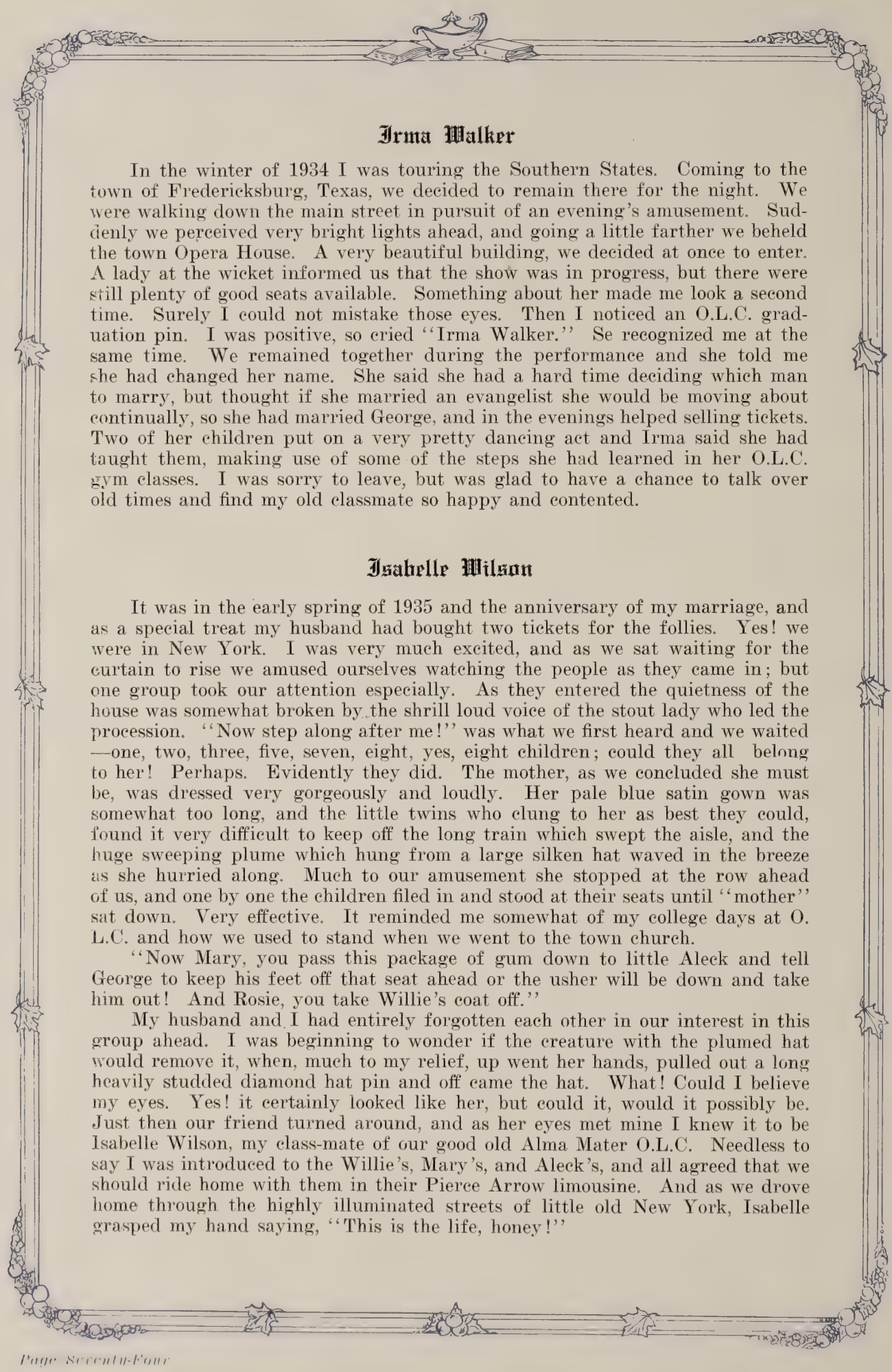
Marjorie Wright

I shall ask you to think ahead with me to the year 1928. The year before I had graduated as a nurse and was practising in the office of a popular Toronto physician.

One sultry afternoon in July, just as the last patient left the office, a dear, flustered little lady in a deaconess' dress and hat, rushed into the room. "Oh, Doctor, dear Doctor," she cried, "I have the queerest feeling here," and she put her hands over her heart. The doctor calmly asked her questions about herself. "Oh, Doctor," she said, "I can't sleep, and I can't eat, and all night I dream of doctors. What *can* be the matter with me?" He told her he thought she had a slight palpitation of the heart, and she immediately fainted in the doctor's arms.

What a resemblance she had to a little girl I knew at O.L.C. When she recovered the doctor left her to attend to some other patients, so I began talking to her. It really was Marge Wright, so we had a long talk right then and there.

After leaving O. L. C. Marge took a Deaconess' course and now all the O. L.C. girls passing through the Union Station at Toronto on their holidays are kindly greeted at the trains by this little black capped maiden with the mammoth white bows under her chin.



Irma Walker

In the winter of 1934 I was touring the Southern States. Coming to the town of Fredericksburg, Texas, we decided to remain there for the night. We were walking down the main street in pursuit of an evening's amusement. Suddenly we perceived very bright lights ahead, and going a little farther we beheld the town Opera House. A very beautiful building, we decided at once to enter. A lady at the wicket informed us that the show was in progress, but there were still plenty of good seats available. Something about her made me look a second time. Surely I could not mistake those eyes. Then I noticed an O.L.C. graduation pin. I was positive, so cried "Irma Walker." She recognized me at the same time. We remained together during the performance and she told me she had changed her name. She said she had a hard time deciding which man to marry, but thought if she married an evangelist she would be moving about continually, so she had married George, and in the evenings helped selling tickets. Two of her children put on a very pretty dancing act and Irma said she had taught them, making use of some of the steps she had learned in her O.L.C. gym classes. I was sorry to leave, but was glad to have a chance to talk over old times and find my old classmate so happy and contented.

Isabelle Wilson

It was in the early spring of 1935 and the anniversary of my marriage, and as a special treat my husband had bought two tickets for the follies. Yes! we were in New York. I was very much excited, and as we sat waiting for the curtain to rise we amused ourselves watching the people as they came in; but one group took our attention especially. As they entered the quietness of the house was somewhat broken by the shrill loud voice of the stout lady who led the procession. "Now step along after me!" was what we first heard and we waited—one, two, three, five, seven, eight, yes, eight children; could they all belong to her! Perhaps. Evidently they did. The mother, as we concluded she must be, was dressed very gorgeously and loudly. Her pale blue satin gown was somewhat too long, and the little twins who clung to her as best they could, found it very difficult to keep off the long train which swept the aisle, and the huge sweeping plume which hung from a large silken hat waved in the breeze as she hurried along. Much to our amusement she stopped at the row ahead of us, and one by one the children filed in and stood at their seats until "mother" sat down. Very effective. It reminded me somewhat of my college days at O. L.C. and how we used to stand when we went to the town church.

"Now Mary, you pass this package of gum down to little Aleck and tell George to keep his feet off that seat ahead or the usher will be down and take him out! And Rosie, you take Willie's coat off."

My husband and I had entirely forgotten each other in our interest in this group ahead. I was beginning to wonder if the creature with the plumed hat would remove it, when, much to my relief, up went her hands, pulled out a long heavily studded diamond hat pin and off came the hat. What! Could I believe my eyes. Yes! it certainly looked like her, but could it, would it possibly be. Just then our friend turned around, and as her eyes met mine I knew it to be Isabelle Wilson, my class-mate of our good old Alma Mater O.L.C. Needless to say I was introduced to the Willie's, Mary's, and Aleck's, and all agreed that we should ride home with them in their Pierce Arrow limousine. And as we drove home through the highly illuminated streets of little old New York, Isabelle grasped my hand saying, "This is the life, honey!"



Helena Richardson

Chu-chin, my little Japanese servant has just lighted the fire in my lounging room grate and shuffled away. What could be more ideal than a fire, carpet slippers and a book! After half an hour, an hour, an hour and a half (I have no idea of time) the book falls to the floor. I am much too warm and comfortable to recapture it. Through the fast narrowing slits that my closing eyelids leave I see a newspaper. Chu-chin thinks that I must have my newspaper. "Kris-Kringle at four-corners at 2.40 o'clock," I read. Where are these four-corners? Oh! yes, in the town of Whitby. How could I forget with the four scarlet policemen to manage the heavy traffic.

"Chu-chin, my cape! my hat! at once, Chu-chin."

Full many years have passed and I have never visited the town of my Alma Mater, the little town of maple trees and church spires. How fortunate that the seasons have changed, for now it is quite warm in December. But this change was beginning in the year of '24, for well do I remember those cold June days of my graduation. In my little mauve aeroplane I fly and fly. Ah! below me are fields of cabbage! I must at least be nearing Trafalgar Castle. I have it. I will land in the back lane. Dear old back lane where I spent so many Honour Clubless hours.

What a fine athletic field and track, but I must hurry; by the position of the fleecy clouds I can tell it must be 23.30 o'clock. No time to stare in amazement at the many improvements. But what's that at the back—the same old tennis court puddle—I knew it. Fifty years would hardly be sufficient time in which to have cinder courts. The four-corners. I have arrived. "Missus, d'you think Santa Claus will really bring me one?" Mystified by the ONE I ignored it and questioned, "What's your name?" "Jimmie"—the inevitable small Whitby "Jimmie!" Ah here's the famous person! What a stunning plane! But what an odd assortment of toys! From Santa's bag protrude saxaphones in all directions. But the youngsters shouted with the greatest joy; "Santa please I want a great big saxaphone," shouted brown-eyed Jimmie, and the other tiny tots kept repeating "Santa, I want a blue sax, a red sax." In the midst of the clamour I stood as one in a daze.

There was something strangely familiar about the slow smile of this tall St. Nicholas. But when he turned his smiling face towards me and in a slow drawl said, "Hello, Torchy!" I stared in recognition. Of course, Helena Richardson, and as usual surrounded by her adoring Jimmies. I was pushed out of the way by a million laughing youngsters and left Helena with her worshippers. How like her, always making someone happy.



Mabel Roulston

"Yass miss, this here's the same ole river an' the same ole sun ashining down on it. Ain't nothin' much particular never happens roun' these parts. Calculate you remember it just as good as ever even if 'tis nigh thirty years since you was here." Thirty years!—was it as long as that? A wisp of hair blew across my face. Somehow I was surprised to see that it was quite grey. What things had happened in that time! My shining brilliance in foreign tongues had soon won for me the position of professor of languages in a distinguished university. For the past ten years I had been at work inventing a language which we hoped to make universal. Now I was up in the country where I had spent so many happy days in my youth, for a few days fishing. The voice of my guide punctuated by the dip of the oars, proceeded with lengthy stories of fishing. Suddenly I got a bite. A big one. Excitement ran high. I hadn't caught a fish for years. In he came sparkling silver blue. Within a few feet of the boat he leaped suddenly and darted under it. I couldn't loose him—so with a desperate wrench I yanked him clear of the water and sent him flying over my head. I heard a little scream and glanced around. To my surprise there was a boat right beside us. A short stocky figure squatted in the middle and in her lap was my fish. "Oh, I beg your pardon—I had no idea there was anyone near." "Oh, it's quite all right I just love them." "But not in your lap." "Oh, anywhere—I'm painting them you see. Then I noticed that there was a little easle set up on a thwart and daubs of paint were all about. Just then the lady took off her hat. I adjusted my specks and peered at her. "Why, Mabel Roulston," I yelled. She smiled. "Why yes, that's my name. Rome, I wondered when you'd recognize me—I knew your fog horn voice at once!" "But Mabel—what the—who the—why the—!" Oh! ' says she, I went to Toronto after leaving O.L.C. and plunged into the business world. But the idea of pounding somebody's else's typewriter all my life made me sick. So after my boss had proposed to me for the 13th time I decided to quit. For several days I roamed the streets wondering what to do next. One day I chanced upon a boy painting a fence. "Ah!" thought I, "at last I've found a profession—I shall paint!" I chanced one day to pass a fish market—and I said "I shall paint fish." So here I am painting fish! And oh how I love it. The dear little things are so affectionate. They come up and eat out of my hand and swim around my fingers. I've got three tame perch, four bass, six pickerel and a whole school of cat-fish. Well, good-bye—I must be off dear little Meredith, my pet pike will be waiting for me." "My hat," I said. "By the great horn spoon, my hat."

Edna Wright

Introducing:

Characters—Miss Edna Wright, Mr. What's His Name, The Post Mistress.

Time—50 years from the present, 1974.

Place—Port Burwell.

A lonely spring morning the first of June, Edna bustled along the gay streets of Port Burwell to a small building with a sign over the door indicating the post office. She paused at the top of the steps gasping for breath, then went to inquire if there were any letters for her that morning. "Let me see," said the postmistress, "here are all the W's; you watch while I sort them out. You can tell your own name better than I can. Oh Miss Wright, my eyes aren't what they used to be. Be thankful you can see as well as you ever did when you went to that fashionable Ladies' College so many years ago.

So many years ago, indeed you needn't think I'm so old. Why it's only a few years since then and even if I am crippled with rheumatism I am just about forty or perhaps forty-five Well, well, never mind, it's a letter I'm looking for. Oh there's one, let me have it. Who can it be from? Why the post mark is Whitby. I don't know anyone. Well for goodness sake, listen to this, and here I was thinking I was only about forty. Just wait till I read this:

1874 Centennial Jubilee 1974

The Faculty and Graduating Class

Ontario Ladies College

Whitby, Ontario

request the honour of your presence at the

Commencement Day Exercises

Thursday, June the twelfth, morning and afternoon

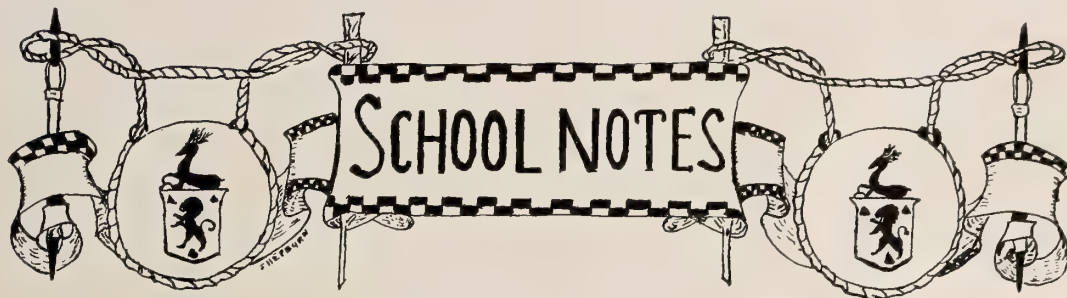
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Four

at half past ten o'clock

Fifty years since I was a girl at College. Recovering from her surprise. Good-bye there—I must be off now. With the letter held tightly in her hand Edna hurried down the steps and away up the road to her cosy little home on the hill-top. For the past year poor Miss Wright has been developing the habit of talking to herself—not like most people do—but sad to tell, she spoke quite loudly and very emphatically at times. So on this morning she soliloquized as follows:—50 years ago, can it be possible. Oh the things that have happened in those years, failures or successes. All my ups and downs, they are such trifles now.

Yes, when I left dear old O.L.C. I was to be married and to begin to practice domestic science in our home, and of course in the general store, with my life partner, Mr., Mr., oh Mr. What's-His-Name. I can't just remember; but then I had a vision of a career, popularity, fame, wealth, so I chose that freedom in preference to the bonds of matrimony. Where can he be now—my dear tall boy with the adorable red hair . . . Oh! pshaw! Yes, I've had a career and a very desirable one at that—head cook in the largest hotel in Port Burwell. Never did they have a starchy breakfast or a colourless dinner while I was there. But now I cook for one, although it might have been different all these years. If I had to live it over again I think I would take Mr. Oh! What's-His-Name, and cook for two. Oh! now I remember his name—you dear old friend. I believe I'd like to see him. He swore he'd never marry anyone but me. Let me see, one week till Commencement—there's plenty of time—an advertisement in the Port Burwell News—and he's mine. We'll start immediately for Whitby and then to the celebration. I shall show him the college and the domestic rooms, and our stoves and machines, and oh, everything, and all our college friends will be back. Although I may be in my seventieth year, once again for a few days I shall have my girlhood and the happiness of those years at O.L.C.





The Great Canadian

WHEN those who were present on the evening of December 1st, 1923, look back in years to come they will assuredly agree that one of the most interesting events in the history of Ontario Ladies' College occurred upon that occasion.

Bliss Carman who is acknowledged as the greatest Canadian and one of the foremost poets of his age honoured us by a visit.

We saw a man obviously in later middle life, gray-haired, extraordinarily tall and thin, wearing spectacles, whose face was drawn and lined. His appearance added another element to our imagination and respect for him. We realized that criticism and neglect had not been unknown to the genius who had made a contribution to Canadian poetry of which any nation might be proud.

Mr. Carman read to us for an hour and a half, some things which we all knew and loved, a few not yet published and others which were a delightful discovery, and which became dear to us then, though we had not known of them before.

We are perhaps not yet competent to judge the work of our great fellow-countryman, but I do know that the sheer beauty of the songs he read to us lifted us high above all other thought throughout the entire evening. I do not believe the old concert-hall which has heard so much of loveliness in so many forms ever held a more entranced audience than upon that evening.

Those of us who were privileged to meet Mr. Carman after the lecture cannot remember it without a laugh and a thrill.

We all sat around and devoured cocoa and cookies and watched the great man from afar hoping to get a chance to thrust one more autograph album upon him while he talked with our elders. But afterwards all mundane thoughts were swept away before the majestic beauty of the "Making of Man" which he read to us on request just before he bade us good-night.

The lecture itself had ended upon a splendid note of beauty, but the whole occasion would have seemed incomplete without the crowning touch of this poem which symbolizes perhaps better than any other of his works, not only the strength and beauty of his poetry but of his mind and spirit also.

Our Elder Sister

It began Saturday morning!

The school was audibly expectant. It fairly buzzed with unsuppressed excitement. There was much borrowing of wardrobes. From one's best sport skirt to a pair of boot-laces Saturday, February 16th, was a gala day at O.L.C. The Victoria College Glee Club was coming to town!

The programme included a skating-party at the much coveted town rink in the afternoon, tea at the school and the concert at the Methodist church at night at which the Seniors might attend.

Nobody would have been anywhere else for worlds!

At two o'clock everyone set out for the rink. The ice was splendid, there was a band and when the Glee Club finally arrived the party became positively riotous. We all enjoyed ourselves; even our unlucky guests swamped in the feminine surplus were polite enough to say so. We hope they meant it. However, after two hours' skating there was no doubt as to the popularity with which the idea of supper was received.

We all trooped up to the college and deposited ourselves upon the floor in the concert hall. Before supper, there was a short programme. Miss Widdup played, Miss Merchant and Velma LaFrance sang, and Beatrice Carruthers recited. By this time we were all thoroughly acquainted and the Concert-hall usually dedicated to the muses resounded to the voices of laughing, shouting people who were hungry and said so.

When the salads, buns, coffee and cookies with ice cream to top off finally appeared, it was amazing to watch their exit from this life. There was nothing left but the cups and plates.

The party was forced to break up in the midst of the hilarity as our guests had to set out for the Methodist Church rather early but before they went there was a generous exchange of yells and songs.

The concert was a fitting end to a very enjoyable day. It was composed of both classical and popular music, but in either case delightful. The octette, a charming addition to the Glee Club since their last visit, proved especially enjoyable.

On Sunday the service at the Methodist Church was taken by the members of the Glee Club and at night four of them, Mr. Eric Beecroft, Mr. Hussey, Mr. Finny and Mr. Bain had charge of our service at the school.

Mr. Finny and Mr. Beecroft spoke upon the Indianapolis S.C.M. Conference in its different phases. Despite the hilarious nature of their visit we all felt that O. L. C. was bound to Victoria by certain ties of a very different kind. In a lesser degree we are thinking and feeling in the same manner as these men and women. Above all the S.C.M. forms a link between the two Colleges and it was as S.C.M. delegates that these men spoke to us that night.

We form a unit here of the great movement of the youth of the world which is manifested in the S.C.M. in its endeavour to find some answer to the questions of modern life and modern spiritual unrest. Our speakers told us of the things of which other students are thinking and of the problems which interest them and which no matter how remote we are will eventually touch us such as the race question and above all that of war. The speakers were not members of the Glee Club or people from Victoria, a great college speaking to a secondary school, but students speaking to students. It was this relation between speakers and audience which made the service one of the most memorable and most fully appreciated of the year.

Thus ended one of the very nicest week-ends at O.L.C. during the whole year of 1924.



Mock Parliament

POLITICS is a great game, and a game which everyone should play. Some say that it is a boys' game but if that is so it should be changed. Perhaps, formerly, boys have been the chief participants in this great game but women are coming into their own and we at least had one thoroughly political night. The concert hall represented the distinguished House. At the back on a raised platform sat the speaker, Helen Deroche, and on the right the great Liberal Party with its leader, Norah Holden. Facing the Liberals sat the Conservative or Opposition party, led by Rosamond McCulloch, and the Progressives led by Beatrice Carruthers. Mrs. Pankhurst, our guest, and the faculty, were seated on the platform.

First came the Governor General, Evelyn Carss, preceded by the sergeant at arms, Marie Breithaupt, all according to Hoyle. The Speech from the Throne was read and the house settled down to war. Two ardent Liberals moved and seconded the adoption of the Speech from the Throne and the right honourable Leader of the Opposition took it upon herself to violently denounce it. A somewhat heated discussion ensued wherein the members hammered one another under cover of the most exquisite parliamentary language. They rallied round their leaders with startling tenacity, they hotly opposed the other parties and they each and every one applauded their own ideas with the greatest enthusiasm, quite in approved parliamentary style and completely to everyone's satisfaction. At the close of our debate, Mrs. Pankhurst the speaker of the evening, addressed us.

Mrs. Pankhurst is a woman of the hour. Her strength of will and her dominating courage have won for her the honoured position she holds to-day. Her forceful personality struck her every word home to us. We are young Canada. In us the nation places her trust. It is our privilege and our duty to step into our places filling up the ranks of our fathers. We must carry on the torch extended to us and deliver it at the end of our journey brighter and better than when it came into our hands. Let us not fail Canada.

A hearty vote of thanks was moved by the Right Honourable Prime Minister, seconded by the leader of the opposition and supported by the Progressive leader. We meant it with all our hearts and the speaker said so as she delivered it. Ths our first plunge into politics.


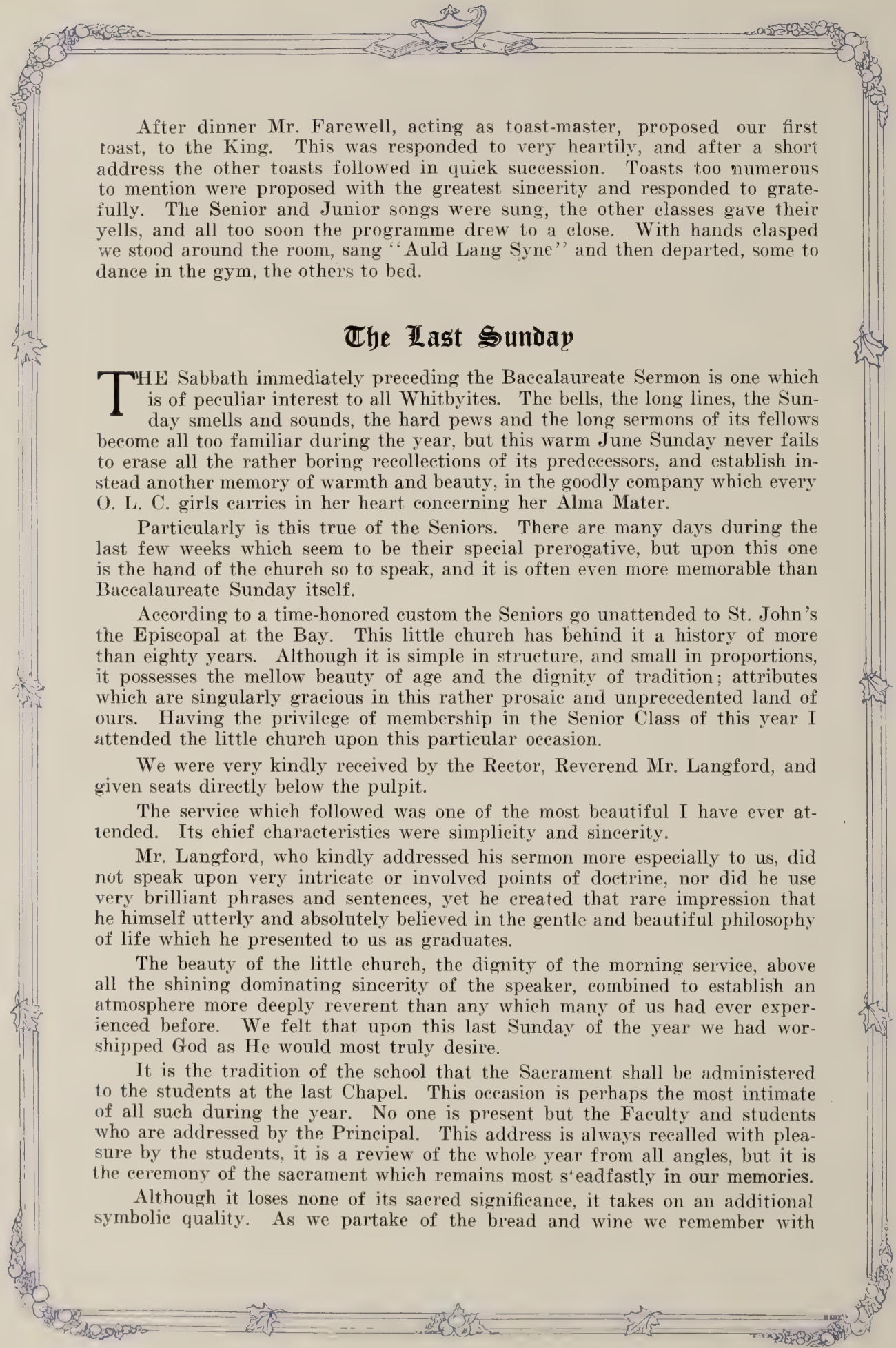
The Senior Dinner

THE Senior dinner, held on Friday, April the twenty-fifth, proved a great success, and we feel greatly indebted to the Juniors for their work in decorating the tables, and to all those who co-operated with them.

The Senior table in the centre of the room seemed a mass of pink roses, in silver vases. Coral, silver and blue ribbons hung from the lights above, and noticeably displayed the class colors. The tiny "mortar boards" containing candy, and the diploma-like scrolls for place cards gave an air of dignity suitable to the Seniors' coming graduation.

The other tables around the edge of the room were in their respective class colors, most noticeable of which was the mauve and green of the Juniors.

This long-anticipated dinner far exceeded our expectations, and even the restraint which we felt at its formality soon wore off as course after course was served.



After dinner Mr. Farewell, acting as toast-master, proposed our first toast, to the King. This was responded to very heartily, and after a short address the other toasts followed in quick succession. Toasts too numerous to mention were proposed with the greatest sincerity and responded to gratefully. The Senior and Junior songs were sung, the other classes gave their yells, and all too soon the programme drew to a close. With hands clasped we stood around the room, sang "Auld Lang Syne" and then departed, some to dance in the gym, the others to bed.

The Last Sunday

THE Sabbath immediately preceding the Baccalaureate Sermon is one which is of peculiar interest to all Whitbyites. The bells, the long lines, the Sunday smells and sounds, the hard pews and the long sermons of its fellows become all too familiar during the year, but this warm June Sunday never fails to erase all the rather boring recollections of its predecessors, and establish instead another memory of warmth and beauty, in the goodly company which every O. L. C. girls carries in her heart concerning her Alma Mater.

Particularly is this true of the Seniors. There are many days during the last few weeks which seem to be their special prerogative, but upon this one is the hand of the church so to speak, and it is often even more memorable than Baccalaureate Sunday itself.

According to a time-honored custom the Seniors go unattended to St. John's the Episcopal at the Bay. This little church has behind it a history of more than eighty years. Although it is simple in structure, and small in proportions, it possesses the mellow beauty of age and the dignity of tradition; attributes which are singularly gracious in this rather prosaic and unprecedented land of ours. Having the privilege of membership in the Senior Class of this year I attended the little church upon this particular occasion.

We were very kindly received by the Rector, Reverend Mr. Langford, and given seats directly below the pulpit.

The service which followed was one of the most beautiful I have ever attended. Its chief characteristics were simplicity and sincerity.

Mr. Langford, who kindly addressed his sermon more especially to us, did not speak upon very intricate or involved points of doctrine, nor did he use very brilliant phrases and sentences, yet he created that rare impression that he himself utterly and absolutely believed in the gentle and beautiful philosophy of life which he presented to us as graduates.

The beauty of the little church, the dignity of the morning service, above all the shining dominating sincerity of the speaker, combined to establish an atmosphere more deeply reverent than any which many of us had ever experienced before. We felt that upon this last Sunday of the year we had worshipped God as He would most truly desire.

It is the tradition of the school that the Sacrament shall be administered to the students at the last Chapel. This occasion is perhaps the most intimate of all such during the year. No one is present but the Faculty and students who are addressed by the Principal. This address is always recalled with pleasure by the students, it is a review of the whole year from all angles, but it is the ceremony of the sacrament which remains most steadfastly in our memories.

Although it loses none of its sacred significance, it takes on an additional symbolic quality. As we partake of the bread and wine we remember with

gratitude and love not only the Last Supper of our Lord, but we recall the youth, the joy in living, the springing hope and the warm comradeship, of the passing year; in all of which we know He rejoiced and had a share, when He lived as we do.

May Day

ONE'S mind leaps at once to an early morning mist, hanging in veils around the fresh young leaves and the pines; to pale sunlight lazily drifting through the mists in slender shafts, and then waking into new life to the fresh beauty of the earth when it touches clusters of violets and May-flowers. This kingdom cries out for a queen—one who will complete the picture;—and we hurry to the fairy courts in search of her.

In this century the fairy-courts have been hurried away to other lands, and so, as we still search each May-day for the beautiful Queen our search must limit itself to mortals. This year the far fairy kingdoms desired so wondrous a celebration that they appropriated all the sunshine, all the particularly lovely bird-songs, and most of the flowers—and Oh!—how hard it was to hold our coronation and festivities without the touch of fairy hands and the stimulus of sunshine.

But O. L. C. courts outrivaled fairy courts this year in the spirit and joy of the celebration. At ten o'clock we hurried into the concert hall with many pencils and much enthusiasm, and there, chose Her, whom we thought would best rule over our spirits and plans for May day.—Long live the Queen! Jessie Bell!—may her sweet true nature, her dependability and her ideal womanhood ever be an inspiration to us.

The Queen must have Counsellors, and so, after swaying from one of our trusty candidates to another, Beatrice Corruthers and Helen Bunner were chosen to uphold the Queen's dignity and hear her every desire.

When we had chosen our May Queen, we gave an exhibition in her honour. After a march by the entire kingdom we waited in silence for her coronation and ascent to the throne. The lack of sunshine was lessened by the presence of the Queen's small flower-girls and train-bearers who were extremely delightful substitutes.

The throne-room in which the exhibition was given, (its honour the Gymnasium) was crowded with interested people, and after the successful termination, due to Miss Snyder, the Queen's most famous gymnast, luncheon was served in the long banquet hall, the Queen seated in state with her Counsellors and pages.

During luncheon large racks piled high with hay drew up outside the school, and we all hastened to prepare for a prickly, chilly but absolutely delightful ride to Corbett's Point, and once there, dropped most of our state and court manners. Luncheon seemed to have been hours ago, and even our dignified Queen (as those near her noted with relief) made no pretense of owning a dainty appetite. It was about seven o'clock when the hay racks drove up and we started back again.

The fire-places in the Common Room of our Queen's court had been prepared, and we sat before the glow, dreaming and singing. When the dreams grew a little too pleasing we hurried to "Its Honour the Gymnasium" and danced away what thoughts threatened to shadow the complete happiness of May Day.



MAY-DAY

1924





SENIORS

Senior Class Will

WE, the Senior Class of 1924 of Ontario Ladies' College, being of sound mind, do hereby declare this our last will and testament.

1st. To our beloved principals, Miss Maxwell and Mr. Farewell, we give and bequeath our eternal love and remembrance.

2nd. To our Faculty, the best wishes for a bright and happy future.

3rd. To our Alma Mater we bequeath the clock, may it never lead anyone astray.

4th. To the Seniors of 1925, we will our places as leaders of the walk, the right to preside at table, occasional hall duty and last but not least the privilege of ringing the gong three times a day *only*.

Also :

Marion Anglin bestows her shyness on Doris McLean.

Evelyn Ball wills her exquisite singing voice to Pat Gumley.

Jessie Bell, wills her many and varied classes to Peggy Ormond.

Pauline Bowden leaves her English to Betty Wright.

Isabel Brewster bestows her 'Jazz' on Marie Grafton.

Marjorie Carss leaves the Athletic A. to Bunny Hodge.

Kay Corrigan bequeaths the candy management to Helen Bunner.

Madeleine Charles leaves her typewriting medal to C. Terrill.

Helen Deroche wills her long walks to Audrey Taylor.

Isobel Fairfield leaves her geometry to Olive Gibson.

Maud Girvin bequeaths her expression to Marie Ott.

Nora Holden wills the Honour Club to whoever will take it.

Mae Irwin leaves Jean Allan to Margaret Home.

Verna Jones bequeaths her plumpness to Helen Dundas.

Velma LaFrance wills her theory to Lloyd Baldwin.

Alleyne Meyers leaves 'Mel' to Marguerite Jackson.

Rome McCulloch bequeaths her poetry to Eleanor Manning.

Lois Newberry wills Rhoda to Ruth Swartz.

Albina Oberholtzer bequeaths her name to Kay Hare.

Hazel Ott leaves her good cooking to Spike.

Dot Pitt wills her optimism to Doris Coulter.

Lorna Schell bequeaths her dresses to Helen Parry.

Anne Souter leaves Russ's picture to Vine Lewis.

Bobby Smart wills Jerry to Marie Breithaupt.

Isabel Wilson bequeaths her raven tresses to Rhoda Howe.

Marg. Wright leaves her fun to Grace Baird.

Edna Wright wills her diploma to Dorothy Chambers.

We hope that you will accept these trifling gifts with the spirit in which they were bequeathed.

At the first of the year these officers were elected in the Senior Class:

Honorary-President	-	-	Miss Maxwell
Faculty Advisor	-	-	Miss Ball
President	-	-	Lois Newberry
Vice-President	-	-	Velma La France
Secretary	-	-	Jessie Bell
Treasurer	-	-	Nora Holden

Our Trip to Oshawa

On Saturday, March the first at about one-thirty o'clock, the sleigh which was to carry the seniors to Oshawa arrived at the College. One by one we climbed aboard, and amid the jingle of sleigh bells and the clank of horses' hoofs in the snow, our merry drive began.

In Oshawa, after an enjoyable afternoon at the Regent Theatre we went to Welch's where we met the girls who had remained at home to play in the hockey-game. After supper, much as we regretted leaving Oshawa, we were glad to hear the sleigh drive up to the door and to start on our return trip.

The Senior Stunt

ON March 21st an Oriental Monarch, King Kasim, held his glittering Court in the transformed gym. of O.L.C. No one would have recognized in this resplendent open court room, the bare, businesslike gymnasium to which we are accustomed. On one side lay the Arabian Desert, on the other a Moslem city. A long carpet between rows of tables stretched to the throne on which the King sat, surrounded by pillows and Oriental rugs, and attended by two slaves who fanned him unceasingly.

Embassies from Greece, Egypt, and Persia came, paying homage to this all-powerful king who welcomed them in a most regal manner and demanded that his courtiers provide fitting entertainment for his noble visitors. At the royal command there appeared before the throne a dancer, sparkling with jewels, who bore in her hands an incense pot from which, as she danced, issued spurts of perfume laden smoke. With graceful ease she performed the mystic steps of her dance, in worship of this incense until one felt that it was indeed worthy of such honor. Almost immediately after a voice was heard ringing through the court room in a mystic tantalizing Eastern chant which held one spell-bound.

In the midst of the entertainment an augurer arrived to interpret the king's dream. He told of a wonderful castle filled with love and laughter which had stood for fifty years in the beautiful province of Ontario and he prophesied that for many years to come this castle, which we know as Alma Mater, would continue to bring knowledge and wisdom to all who entered its walls.

Another song in honor of Incense which seemed to be the patron god of the kingdom, and then a play entitled "The Flight of the Queen" was enacted before the throne. This playlet, which contained a moral, taken from the life of the bees told of the love of a drone for his Queen, and its disastrous ending.

The Prince of Zoon, one of the "Heirs of the Idle Hours" loved Queen Zoomizamara who fled from him to the topmost peak of Mount Aither. When he alone of all the Princes followed her to the top she admitted her love for him, and for many hours she was blissfully happy until she remembered that after all, she was Queen and no one was fit to touch her so when he dared to kiss her hand she stabbed him and flew back to her castle.

Finally a priestess, in white, flowing robes, gave the Muezzin Call to prayers and every follower of the Prophet salaamed and repeated his prayers. Then the King followed by his court filed out of the room.

A lighter form of entertainment, after the impressive ceremony of the court room, was then provided for the onlookers when strains of popular music

came from hidden pianos, and the dancing began. Supper was served at the tables by oriental waitresses.

The Senior song, to the tune of "On the Road to Mandalay," sung by the Senior Class enmasse around the throne provided a fitting and ceremonious "grande finale" to a most enjoyable evening.

THE Whitby Chapter of the Trafalgar Daughters held a St. Patrick's Tea in the college on Saturday, March the fifteenth. The seniors decorated the Common Room and the Drawing room in green and white. On the tables were daffodils and narcissus; and the Seniors, serving in their white dresses, completed the effective picture.

To Whom It May Concern

I. Thou shalt keep thy eye on the Faculty if thou wishest to get on the Honour Club and yet have fun.

II. Thou shalt not copy any graven writings, of stories of birds in the air or beasts on the earth, or fish in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thy head to read books under thy desk or write notes in class hours. For I the Faculty am a jealous Faculty, visiting the iniquities of the offenders with three weeks study hall, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that keep my commandments by not marking their homework or making them write out their vocabularies.

III. Thou shalt not use profane language, unless under extraordinary circumstances, such as having your story books or "Vox" taken from you or getting fish-eyes for dinner.

IV. Remember the college girls' week consists of seven days. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work, and on the seventh day all the homework.

V. Honour thy school-mates and Alma Mater that thy days may not be too long in the College where thou art sent.

VI. Thou shalt not kill time.

VII. Thou shalt not adulterate thy school-mates' bed with shoe-brushes and sugar, or put salt in the next girl's water at dinner.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal thy room-mate's hairpins, etc.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy chums but preserve a discreet silence as to their goings out and comings in.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's brains, nor her finished homework, nor her tidy room and mop, nor her dictionary and other books, nor her frequent week-ends, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.



The Senior Song

We're the Seniors of Trafalgar,
We're the Seniors gay and free,
We have worked to love and honour
Our dear old O.L.C.

Where fifty years of freedom
Have built a glorious name,
A heritage of honor,
A mighty gift of fame
A mighty gift of fame.

1st Chorus:—


Oh the happy days I've spent
Full of joy and merriment,
Where I learned to laugh at every fear
And every discontent.
What if school days cannot last,
And our friends so quickly pass,—
Still we always love with glowing hearts
The dear old Senior Class.

Sometimes there comes a whisper
Breathing memories of my class,
Like a sailing ship at sunset
Which we meet and greet and pass,
Then within our hearts comes creeping
All the tender thoughts of thee,—
Are you just as fair as ever
Alma Mater O. L. C.,
Alma Mater O. L. C.?

2nd Chorus:—

Oh my heart goes out to thee
Alma Mater O. L. C.
And I seem to feel thy loving hand
Is always guiding me.
After many years are o'er,
And I've strayed from shore to shore,
My heart still loves the Senior Class.
Of 1924.

Rome.



JUNIORS



V. Maw

A. Purvis

J. Nesbitt

M. Ormond

H. Sharpe

R. Smith

P. Adams

B. Wright

L. Baldwin

P. Lyons

C. Terrill

H. Wilson

A. Cameron

M. McLaren

A. Grey

V. Montgomery



M. Jackson

M. Breithaupt

K. Hare

H. Bunner

G. Baird

G. Hodge

J. Hepburn

G. Elliott

L. Rugg

I. Sherlock

B. Carruthers

A. Taylor

R. Irvine

E. Playfair

G. Brightman

M. Grafton



A. McLennan

R. Howe

K. Jenkins

G. Jones

M. Peacock

I. Stirling

O. Gibson

G. Souter

M. Home

E. Manning

M. Manning

L. Lundy

R. Gilroy

I. Oke



H. Watson

D. McLean

V. Smith

H. Parry

P. Gumley

I. Brown

Junior High Kakiaks

President	-	-	-	Beatrice Carruthers
Vice-President	-	-	-	Gratia Hodge
Secretary	-	-	-	Marie Breithaupt
Treasurer	-	-	-	Ida Sherlock
Class Colours—Pale Green-Orchid				

JUNIOR SONG

Oh! We're the Junior Class of '24
We sing our Jubilee,
And after fifty years or more
We stand for O. L. C.

Chorus:—

Junior Class! Junior Class!
Junior Class of '24
Oh! We're out to do our best,
And we hope we'll pass the test,
Junior Class! Junior Class of '24!

Oh! The Junior Class is full of pep,
We're the snappiest in the school,
Now everyone just watch your step.
You'll find we keep this rule.

Chorus:—

Oh! The Junior Class is rough, rough, rough,
And that's what makes us tough, tough, tough.
Now if you think we're puff, puff, puff
Well then you've said enough 'nuff, 'nuff.

Chorus:—

(To the tune of "Polly-Wolly-Doodle.")

Now, once upon a time, in a University called Cornell, a new word was born. Its ancestors were famed, and known the world over, and the family name, which was "Stint", was due to the fact that they were all exceptionally hard workers. Owing, however, to changes in pronunciation and the proclivity of the youth of that generation to coin words, the name changed to "Stunt." Several illustrious fairies were present at the birth of "Stunt," wishing to bestow gifts upon this new arrival into the English language. One far-sighted fairy, after noting the gifts of her fairy-sisters, and realizing that these three, Beauty, Compactness and Style, must all have a source, bestowed Originality. As "Stunt" grew older, she realized that to use the first three gifts to their best advantage, she must first strive to develop Originality to the greatest extent.

When the Junior Class solicited the assistance of "Stunt," hoping through her, to present something vastly different from the ordinary, originality became the keynote of its efforts, and after many struggles with the needle, and with chorus work, and after the expenditure of the breath of the entire class, in approximately eight hundred and twenty-five balloons, we learned the

antidote for stage-fright, and our Pierrots and Pierrettes blew as light and fanciful "Bubbles" for the school as "Stunt" would permit.

A softly-lit cabaret formed the background and at each table, sat Pierrots and Pierrettes. The curtains drew back and our president, Beatrice Caruthers, interpreted the title of our Stunt, "Bubbles" and opened the presentation. The choruses opened with "Juniors of '24!' '24!'" and was followed by a duet entitled "They'll Never Believe Me," by Isobel Cooke and Patricia Gumley; a delightful chorus and dance, appropriately called "The Only Way"; a similar one called the "Happy Chorus"; a solo; a masculine interpretation, by Rhoda Howe, including a chorus by the cabaret revellers, namely, "Oh! You Little Sun-uv-er-gun!"; a dainty dance by Pierrette Jean Hepburn and Pierrot Betty Wright; scenes from "A Photograph Album"; a "Blackbird Song" characteristically rendered by Grace Elliot; "I'd Like to Bring My Mother"—a most interesting song by dainty little Miss Grey; and by the closing chorus in which much good advice was given to all engaged in night-errantry, including our friends the dicky birds, in which Helen Bunner sang so sweetly to us. All these interesting, and of course, more detailed skits comprised the efforts of our Stunt. Following this the Pierrots and Pierrettes scattered among the audience, and without a dull awkward moment everyone was swept into the dance.

The orchestra, which really should be granted more publicity than has been customary, was irresistible, and our most beloved "Bunny" lead our feet through eight delightful dances.



We challenge you!—Who dares to admit lack of knowledge as to the true meaning of the word "refreshments", after such a delicious example?

For the Juniors, the evening was over, only after expelling the air from the eight hundred and twenty-five balloons, and it was sorrowful toil that we were engaged in, for it seemed to personify the end of our "Bubbles."

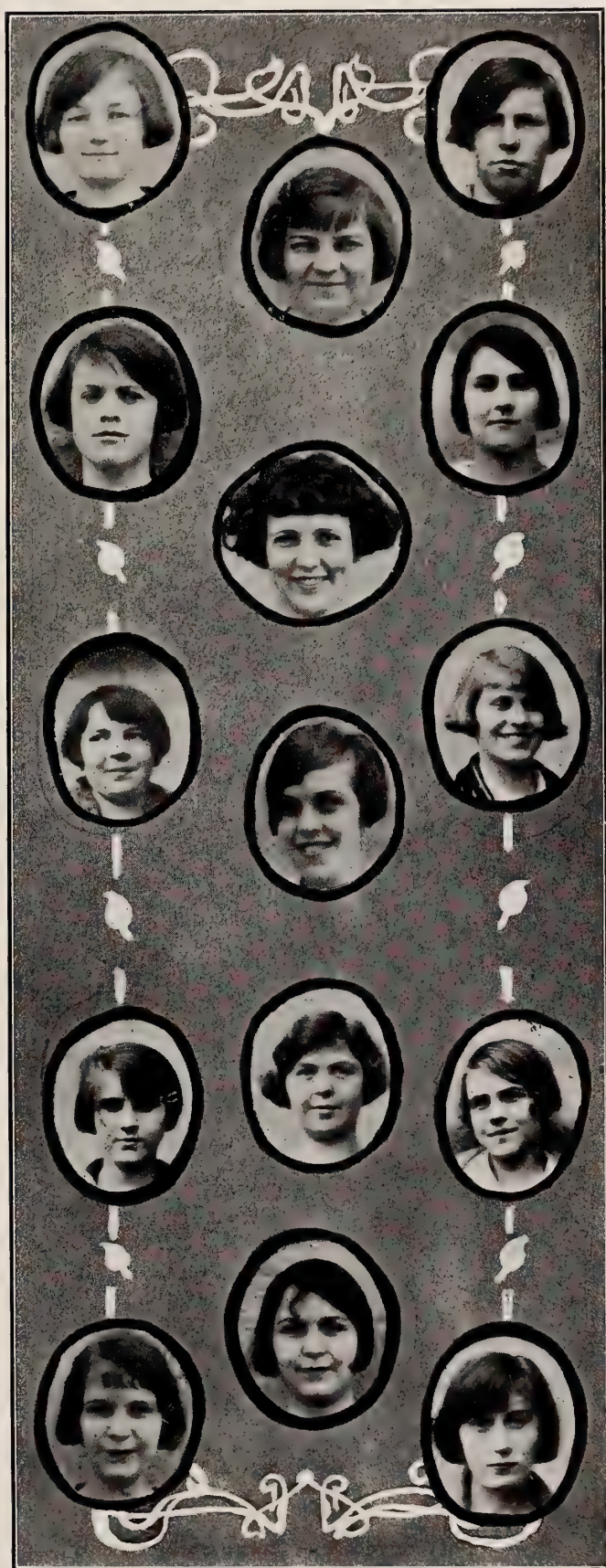
The world does not hold only joy for us, for we have lost several of our members. Bessie Duggan, Isobel Cook, Emma Frid, and Marion Gollop are not with us for the end of the year. Our one compensation lies in the return of Kathleen Hare, who will now be one of our illustrious company for the glorious Jubilee festivities.

To those of us who love the school, and its inmates, who dream of its great possibilities, and who long to proclaim from the house-tops its worth and dearness, this Jubilee is an intense thrill, for it seems to be a most fitting recognition of the first fifty successful years of the school so dear to our hearts—dear old O. L. C.

—B. B .



SOPHOMORES & FRESHMEN



L. Brownell

M. Ruddy

D. Coulter

D. Payne

N. Edwards

V. Curry

J. Allen

G. Allen

V. Frid

I. Edmonds

L. Ashbourne

R. Spall

M. Leech

K. McKay

A. Harrison

Sophomore and Freshmen Class

THE members of the Executive which have proved themselves worthy supporters of the Sophomore and Freshmen Class are as follows:

President—Virginia Frid.

Vice-President—Lucy Ashbourne.

Treasurer—Viola Curry.

Secretary—Myrtle Leech.

The success of the stunt was largely due to the untiring efforts of Miss Everson, who has proved herself to be a worthy and ever willing class teacher.

THE SOPHOMORE AND FRESHMEN STUNT

After the usual scurrying to and fro, the customary buzzing of low secret voices and the necessary planning of costumes and so forth, the Sophomores and Freshmen were ready to present their annual stunt to the members of O. L. C.


The programme took the form of moving pictures which were shown in the Concert Hall. We were very much amused by the feature picture "As You Like It" which showed how moving pictures have modernized Shakespeare's "Rosalind", which was one of the first pictures made.

After the pictures the guests were invited to enjoy an informal dance in the gymnasium which was tastefully decorated in the class colours of navy blue and silver. Following the third dance the class presented a very humorous pantomime, the scene being "The Mad Tea Party" from "Alice in Wonderland." The story was read by one of the class members, and four other members impersonated the different characters. Following this performance dancing was resumed and refreshments were served.

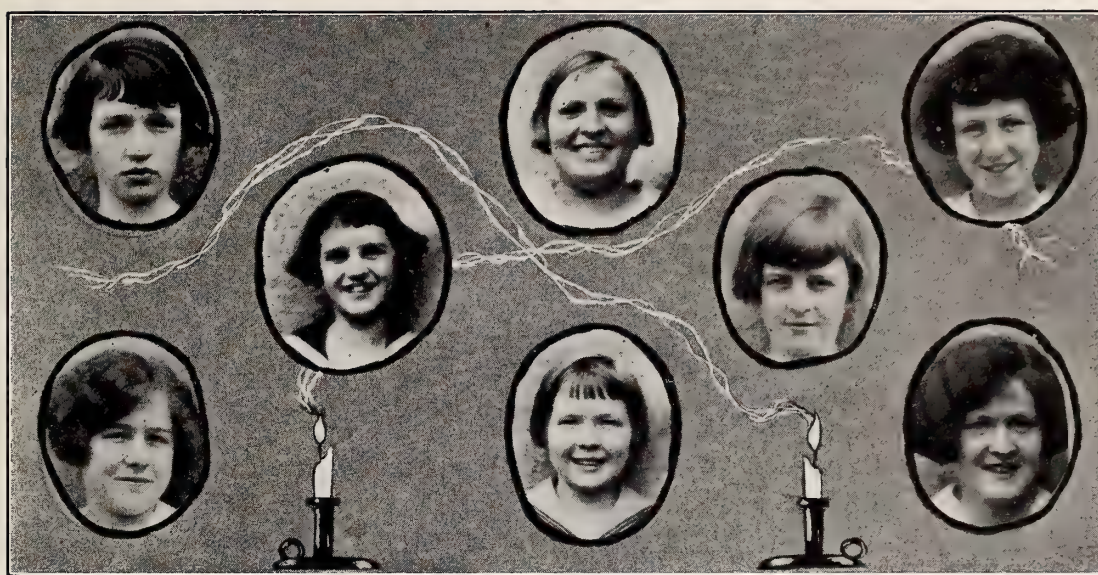
About eleven-thirty a pleasant evening was brought to a close by the exchange of yells and the singing of the National Anthem.

CLASS YELL

Ricka Racka, Ricka Racka
Rica Raca Roo
Chicka Chacka, Chicka Chacka
Chic a Chac a Choo
Fish, Prunes, Applesauce
Macaroni, Stew
We're the Sophs and Freshies
Who are you?
Say her gently, say her slow
1 2 3 now let her go.
Mercury, Venus, Neptune, Mars
Can't you see our Soph Fresh Stars?
Hobble Gobble, Razzle Dazzle
Sis Boom Bah
We're the Sophs and Freshies
Rah, Rah, Rah.



ELEMENTARIES



R. Swartz

V. Lewis

G. Wright

H. Dundas

D. Maw

M. Ott

T. Rogers

D. Chambers

Elementary Stunt

Honorary President	-	-	-	Miss Scott
President	-	-	-	Vina Lewis
Vice President	-	-	-	Marie Ott
Secretary-Treasurer	-	-	-	Geraldine Wright

ON Friday morning, March 28, a poster appeared on the bulletin Board announcing that the Elementary Stunt would be held that evening.

The girls assembled in the Concert Hall at 8 o'clock and after much bustling behind the scenes the curtain was pulled and the play "Sylvia's Aunts" began.

The eight Elementaries all took a prominent part so that no one could be called the leading lady.

It was a typical College play and the girls were all College girls except two—Marie Ott and Ruth Swartz—who were maiden Aunts paying a visit to the College.

After the play the girls went to the gym to dance.

The gym was decorated in the Class colours woven red and gold and to each girl was given a red and yellow programme for their dances. During the evening refreshments were served, fruit punch, ice cream and little cakes.

We hope the girls enjoyed the evening and we wish to thank everybody for helping us so much.

We're not allowed to cuss
We're not allowed to cuss
But nevertheless you must confess
There's nothing the matter with us
Are we it
Well, I guess,
The Elementaries yes, yes, yes.



Hockey

ABOUT the time of the first frost Miss Snyder began to look restless, one wondered why, and then after pondering a bit one decided that it must be the old desire of the professional to be "at it" again.

Almost before the tennis courts were ready for skating (what's that?— oh yes, of course, they are in the same place—tennis court and skating rink—in fact I can never see why they do not use the same space for an open air swimming pool say from April first to May fifteenth inclusive). What was I saying—oh yes; almost before the tennis courts were ready for skating, form teams were picked and everything promised a **real** hockey team this year; but unfortunately a wind sprang up a little north of Lochinvar's native district and brought with it blankets and blankets of snow. Alas! we saw the poor "tennis-rink" disappear before our very eyes and having come the snow was loath to go—and so—

However, one good practice game was arranged with the town girls. It was a good game but—well, we did not win.

Just watch the team of '25 'tho, if Miss Snyder is the coach (we hope she will be) you will need to purchase field glasses and watch the game from a distance, or stretchers will have to be provided for the spectators who are overcome by dizziness.

Carnival

AMID-WINTER carnival had been arranged and everyone was wondering how long Miss Ball's supply of costumes would last, when again the weather played a "pretty" mean trick on us.

The snow melted—the ice melted. It was even rumoured that the dark spots on the rink were grass, and I believe several blades were seen rudely poking their green brown tongues out at us.

The "Athletes" wore long faces until the president cleverly thought of an informal, indoor evening. Mr. Farewell immediately phoned all the town orchestras, finally one was engaged and—well what does one generally do when there is an orchestra—

All this took place on the evening of February the second.

Old Fashioned Party

WHEN everyone had that "Gee! I wish Spring were here" feeling, a dainty poster appeared on the bulletin board announcing an "Old Fashioned Party" "Come in Costume" and "there are going to be refreshments," it was stated.

All week folks sewed frantically and tried to recall the way their great grandmothers looked in the family album, and with great success too!

Group games were played under the leadership of such famous people as Sir Walter Raleigh, Queen Elizabeth, Napoleon, Mary Queen of Scots and Romeo.

Mr. and Mrs. Farewell, Miss Maxwell and all our severe and awe-inspiring faculty were arranged in wonderful creations from the long ago.

A fluffy skirted doll was presented to Miss Isobel Brown and a tempting nosegay of gumdrops to Miss Helen Bunner—Did they really ever look like that "Bunny?"

After the promised refreshments everyone sang Auld Lang Syne and betook themselves to their hard beds to dream of knights and fair ladies.



J. SLEIGHTHOLM, ENGINEER





ART



DURING the winter months the members of the Art Class were not lacking in industry, and various activities in the studio were always evident. Posters and decorations for numerous teas and class stunts alone kept us busy although these were in addition to our regular work.

Studies in still life, done either in oils or water colors, were our main objective, but now and then we turned our attention to portraits.

We would capture an unwilling victim, arrange her in an attractive pose and start our masterpieces. One would sometimes be surprised at the unrecognizable results.

We gained much in our general knowledge of paintings and etchings on our visit to the "Grange" art gallery in Toronto during the latter part of the winter term.

During the Spring term we turned our attention to outdoor sketching and transferred many bits of the surrounding landscape in its glorious spring colours onto canvas. Sometimes we would take our luncheon and sketch all day, returning in the evening with the happy feeling of a day well spent. During Commencement Week we had the annual exhibition of the work the Art Class has done throughout the year.

"Bobbie," our senior student, presented a landscape study to the school, which henceforth is to mark the graduation of every Art student from O.L.C.

The valuable art information so kindly given us by our two instructors, has, this year, brought us to a better realization of the true meaning of "Art" and how much it means not only to us but everyone.



Castles

*I'm building castles in the sand
Down here beside the sea,
And say, it's just the mostest fun
As ever it can be!*

*See, first I make it nice and smooth
And then I pile it, so,—
Now with this fine, white, sparkly sand
Just watch my castle grow!*

*I'm going to build a great big town
Most nearly to the sky,
And then I'll dig a trench, and make
A wall that's awful high.*

*There, don't you think that's pretty nice!
—I just wish I could stay.
But I must go, cuz here comes nurse
To carry me away.*

* * * *

*I don't make castles out of sand
Because I'm bigger now,
And so I like to run and shoot
And help to make a row.*

*But sometimes when the games are done
And I'm sprawled in my chair
Folks whisper, "Say, just look at John
A buildin' castles in the air!"*

* * * *

*My head is crowned with silver now
My feet are quick to tire,
I'm happiest when in my chair
Before a glowing fire*

*Some call me just a dreamy fool,
Then some one says again
"Old John spends nearly all his time
With castles down in Spain."*

*I'm just a lonely tired old man
Who waits God's loving hand
And whiles away the dreamy hours
With castles in the sand.*

R. McCULLOCH



Early in the year the following were elected as officers of the Dramatic Club:

President	-	-	-	Beatrice Carruthers
Vice-President	-	-	-	Maude Girvin
Secretary	-	-	-	Rosamond McCulloch
Treasurer	-	-	-	Helen Deroche

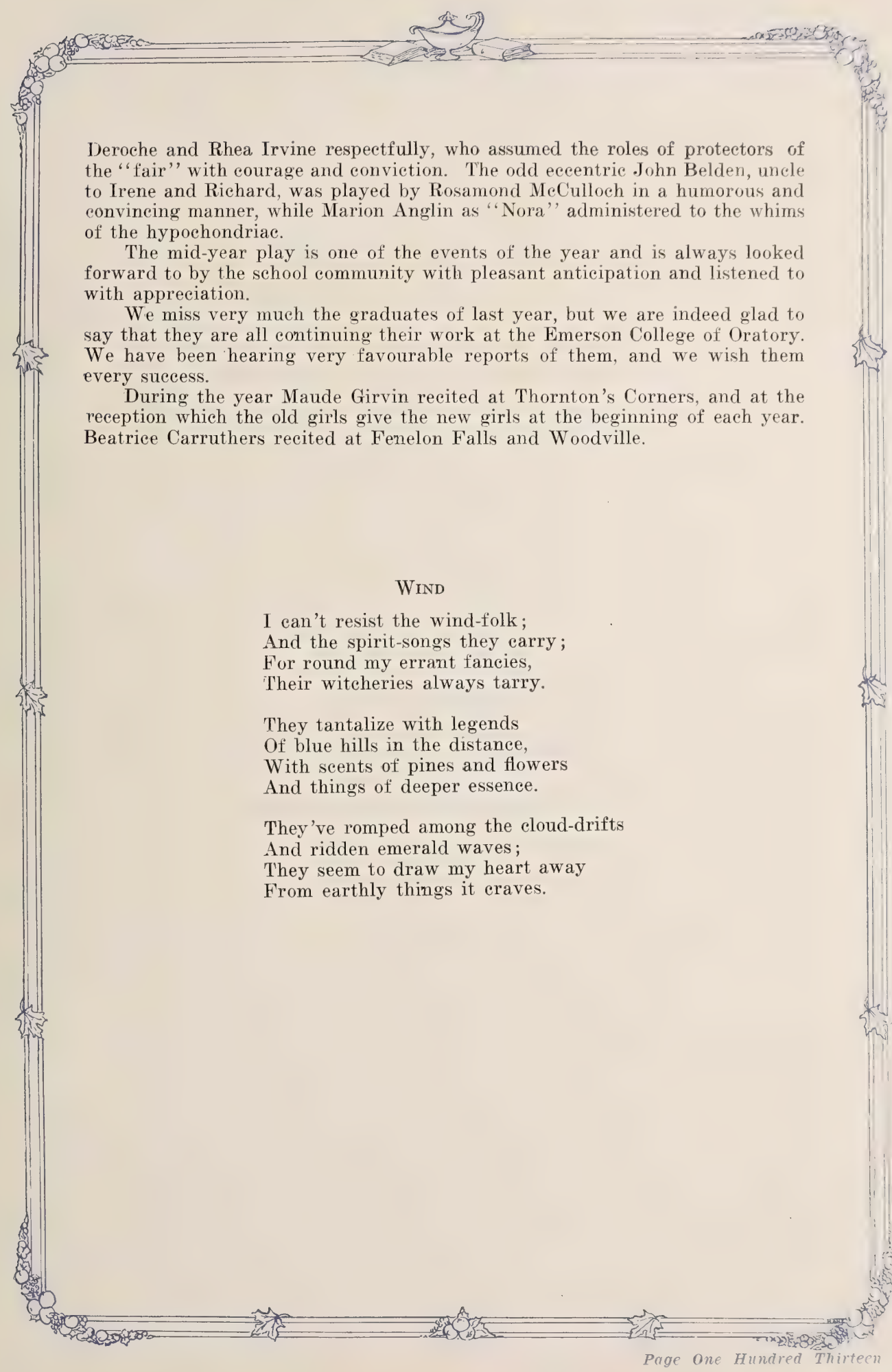
EACH year the school looks forward with a great deal of pleasure to the week-end visit of President Southwick of the Emerson College of Oratory. He was with us this year on January the 26th and 27th.

He did not seem a stranger to us, but rather a long loved friend, and we knew that we had a great deal of pleasure in store for us during those two days. By special request in the afternoon he repeated the same programme as last year consisting of the following miscellaneous numbers: "The School Room Scene" from Nicholas Nickleby; "The Boat Race" by W. W. Murray; "The Alphabetical Romance" and of course "The Camel." These last two numbers we always enjoy particularly, and it has become almost an understood fact that each year we shall hear them.

In the evening we had the pleasure of listening to Pres. Southwick's interpretation of "Hamlet." "Hamlet" is ranked as Shakespeare's greatest play, and for two hours Pres. Southwick held us enthralled, and we found no difficulty in grasping the story and the characters as portrayed to us. Pres. Southwick's delightful oratory and masterful English make it a delight and privilege to hear him.

On Sunday evening in chapel, he spoke to us on "Personality." Of the three occasions this is the time when we enjoy him the most, because he speaks to us from his own thoughts.

The delightful comedy "Her Husband's Wife" by Augustus Thomas, was presented as the mid-year play by the Dramatic Art Class on February 15th, in the Concert Hall. Augustus Thomas is one of the outstanding American playwrights of today, and this is regarded as one of his finest comedies. The cast is small and therefore the unity is more easily preserved. The leading character, Irene Randolph, a hypochondriac, quaint and charming, was portrayed in an artistic manner by Beatrice Carruthers, while Maud Girvin played the part of Emily Ladew with spirit and charm. The parts of Richard Belden brother to Irene and Stuart Randolph her husband were taken by Helen



Deroche and Rhea Irvine respectfully, who assumed the roles of protectors of the "fair" with courage and conviction. The odd eccentric John Belden, uncle to Irene and Richard, was played by Rosamond McCulloch in a humorous and convincing manner, while Marion Anglin as "Nora" administered to the whims of the hypochondriac.

The mid-year play is one of the events of the year and is always looked forward to by the school community with pleasant anticipation and listened to with appreciation.

We miss very much the graduates of last year, but we are indeed glad to say that they are all continuing their work at the Emerson College of Oratory. We have been hearing very favourable reports of them, and we wish them every success.

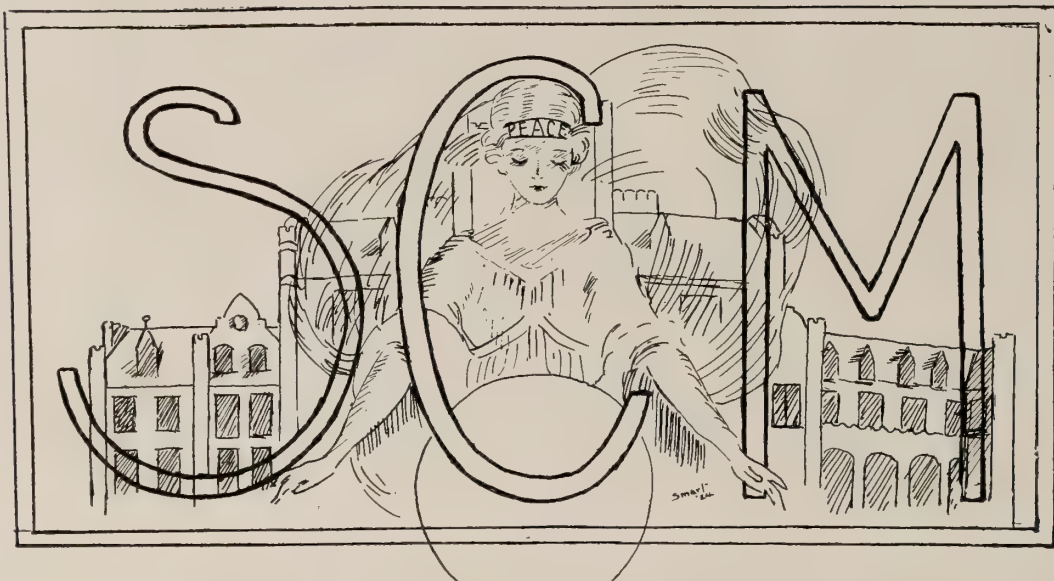
During the year Maude Girvin recited at Thornton's Corners, and at the reception which the old girls give the new girls at the beginning of each year. Beatrice Carruthers recited at Fenelon Falls and Woodville.

WIND

I can't resist the wind-folk;
And the spirit-songs they carry;
For round my errant fancies,
Their witcheries always tarry.

They tantalize with legends
Of blue hills in the distance,
With scents of pines and flowers
And things of deeper essence.

They've romped among the cloud-drifts
And ridden emerald waves;
They seem to draw my heart away
From earthly things it craves.



HAVEN'T you heard about our Bazaar? Bazaars are lovely things, are they not? What with artistic decorations, and shaded lights, and a splendid array of novelties, I think they are beautiful. Well, there was only one difference between our bazaar and everybody else's bazaar and that was our bazaar was heaps nicer than any one I've ever seen or been at or heard of. The common room was filled with the decorated booths and looked quite gay and festive. There was a fancy work booth piled high with all sorts of queer, sweet pretty things that every one loves and no one uses. The athletic booth had sweaters and toques and all sorts of sensible things. The art booth was simply beautiful. I must say our artists worked hard, harder than any of us. Then, of course, the candy booth, popular as ever, held quite the central portion in the room. It's so nice—satisfying and filling don't you know. That's where my heart goes every time—and my money, too. Let me tell you about the fish pond. It was in the teachers' room and had really the most delightful number of fascinating little twisty bundles I've ever seen any place. I just wanted to undo them all! Over in one corner of the teachers' room was the fortune telling booth. Ah, ye good old imagination—I wonder just how much you help along at a time like this. Untold wealth, fame, popularity and countless joys were spread before us by the charming little romancer. They were nice things to believe, so why not? Then of course there was the drawing room decorated in red and green—it was near Christmas you see—where they served quite the nicest tea that has graced our school before or after. Where else could one find its delights? Surely there never was such a bazaar as this one. Our S.C.M. "seen their dooty and done it noble"—they certainly did. Well, that's that. Now let me tell you some more about S. C. M.

After Christmas the executive decided that the meetings for the winter months should be held around the fire in the Common Room. It was ever so much nicer and cosier. It seemed as if we were really a friendly chummy sort of society instead of a stiff formal "mind your p's and q's" organization. I do hope they keep up our fireside meetings because after all there is nothing so comforting and so comfortable as a big crackling fire

Our best meeting was the one when Miss Gertrude Rutherford of Toronto came down to visit us. She was simply great. Under her leadership we sang "Down by the Riverside" with great gusto. It is such fun learning songs and especially songs with a swing. Afterwards she talked to us and told us about other parts of our continent. It gives you a wonderful feeling to realize that you are a part, even if it is small, of a big, live movement. The S. C. M. seems to give us a reason of being, an excuse for living if you like, in this world of ours, and being one of its citizens.





THE Household Science Club wish to say first of all that they, in this the Jubilee year boast more Graduates than any year previous. Here's hoping the Juniors may carry on the same good work.

January 19, after much debate, was finally decided upon as the busy day for the domesticated branch of O.L.C.—The Household Science Tea! This proved a great success and an exceptionally happy occasion by the presence of a number of "Old Girls". Orange and Black, the Class colours, helped to beautify the Reception and Common Rooms. Dainty dishes were prepared by the girls and a very merry time was enjoyed by all.

Early in the Autumn a very pleasant evening was spent when the Junior members of the Class celebrated by their Annual Dinner, followed by a few dances in the School Gymnasium.

The Senior members had their evening when Miss Oaks played the part of Hostess and received in her own room. Refreshments and a pleasant chat helped to pass a "tres" enjoyable evening. Before Commencement separates us, however, the entire Class is anticipating a real picnic together.

To Miss Oaks, who has throughout the year shared our little "ups and downs," we extend our wishes for a very pleasant and successful vacation this summer. It is hoped however that the sunny shores of the dear old Motherland will not be so alluring that O.L.C. will be forgotten, and that Miss Oaks will not quite forget her Juniors who are waiting to be the Seniors of 1925.



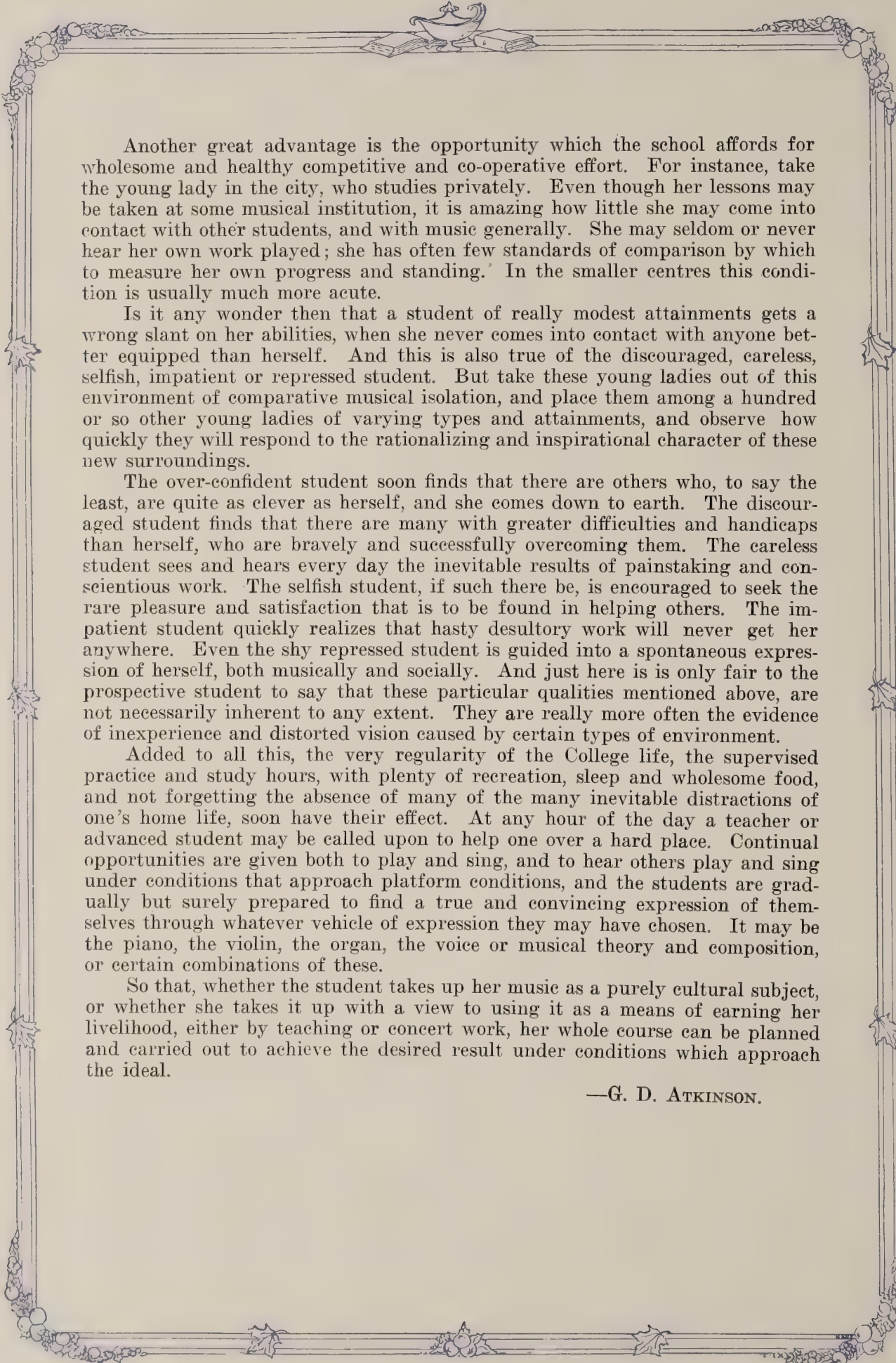
Where to Study Music

HAS a College such as ours distinct advantages to offer in connection with the study of Music? This legitimate question is so often asked by parents, guardians and prospective music students that some attempt at a reply would not be inappropriate at this time.

In making a brief comparison of the college musical education and the ordinary "taking of lessons at home," whether the home be in small village or large city, let us suppose that the quality of the teaching is on a high plane in both cases. It really might or might not be, and it would scarcely be ethical to rhapsodize upon the comparative merits of the staff of one's own college in a case of this kind.

In the first place, the student upon entering the College, immediately comes into touch with the Lady Principal, the Principal and the Musical Director, who, out of the wealth of their experience, are able to give invaluable counsel in the planning of a well-rounded course of study.

There was a time when a Ladies' College was looked upon as a place to which young ladies, who had been more or less successful (or unsuccessful) in their ordinary academical work, could come and expose themselves to a little Art, Music or Expression, carefully sidestepping such great essentials as Literature, Classics, and Moderns, Science, Mathematics and Physical Culture. But nowadays not one will deny that not only are these schools taking their places right abreast of all other types of secondary schools in the regular courses, but even the specialist students, who enter for some specific subject such as music, are advised and encouraged to take such additional subjects as will round out their whole educational scheme, and strengthen the weak points. The result is that the young lady who is weak in English Literature, or who needs French for her singing, or who requires a certain type of Physical Culture, takes it. Whereas, if she were at home, and had to go to a separate Collegiate Institute, High School, Night School or Gymnasium, she might never make the effort. And just here the College has an inestimable advantage to offer, in that all these subjects, and numerous others, are available under the one roof.



Another great advantage is the opportunity which the school affords for wholesome and healthy competitive and co-operative effort. For instance, take the young lady in the city, who studies privately. Even though her lessons may be taken at some musical institution, it is amazing how little she may come into contact with other students, and with music generally. She may seldom or never hear her own work played; she has often few standards of comparison by which to measure her own progress and standing. In the smaller centres this condition is usually much more acute.

Is it any wonder then that a student of really modest attainments gets a wrong slant on her abilities, when she never comes into contact with anyone better equipped than herself. And this is also true of the discouraged, careless, selfish, impatient or repressed student. But take these young ladies out of this environment of comparative musical isolation, and place them among a hundred or so other young ladies of varying types and attainments, and observe how quickly they will respond to the rationalizing and inspirational character of these new surroundings.

The over-confident student soon finds that there are others who, to say the least, are quite as clever as herself, and she comes down to earth. The discouraged student finds that there are many with greater difficulties and handicaps than herself, who are bravely and successfully overcoming them. The careless student sees and hears every day the inevitable results of painstaking and conscientious work. The selfish student, if such there be, is encouraged to seek the rare pleasure and satisfaction that is to be found in helping others. The impatient student quickly realizes that hasty desultory work will never get her anywhere. Even the shy repressed student is guided into a spontaneous expression of herself, both musically and socially. And just here is only fair to the prospective student to say that these particular qualities mentioned above, are not necessarily inherent to any extent. They are really more often the evidence of inexperience and distorted vision caused by certain types of environment.

Added to all this, the very regularity of the College life, the supervised practice and study hours, with plenty of recreation, sleep and wholesome food, and not forgetting the absence of many of the many inevitable distractions of one's home life, soon have their effect. At any hour of the day a teacher or advanced student may be called upon to help one over a hard place. Continual opportunities are given both to play and sing, and to hear others play and sing under conditions that approach platform conditions, and the students are gradually but surely prepared to find a true and convincing expression of themselves through whatever vehicle of expression they may have chosen. It may be the piano, the violin, the organ, the voice or musical theory and composition, or certain combinations of these.

So that, whether the student takes up her music as a purely cultural subject, or whether she takes it up with a view to using it as a means of earning her livelihood, either by teaching or concert work, her whole course can be planned and carried out to achieve the desired result under conditions which approach the ideal.

—G. D. ATKINSON.

THE OKTICLOS-CHORAL MUSICAL

ON March the twenty-sixth, the concert hall presented a pretty picture indeed, arranged as a delightfully comfortable drawing-room. Here and there, among the many cushions and chairs, were small tables ornamented with shaded lamps. The larger lights had shades in the form of rose petals, which threw a soft and delicate glow over the entire room and upon the platform, which was adorned with beautiful flowers and ferns.

Why all this elaborate arrangement?

It was the evening of the Okticlos and Choral Clubs' reception. Miss Maxwell, Jessie Bell and Velma La France received the guests. The evening's entertainment consisted of piano, violin and vocal, solos and trios.

The Choral Club sang three numbers, which everyone enjoyed immensely. A very lovely picture was formed on the platform as the girls took their respective places in the choral arrangement.

Last, but indeed not least, a reading was given by Beatrice Carruthers, and as always, it was thoroughly enjoyed.

After refreshments had been served the entertainment was brought to a happy close. And it is hoped that in the years to come these clubs will continue to entertain the school in such a successful manner.

V. L.

PROGRAMME

Miss Mitchell—"Basso Ostinato"	-	-	-	<i>Arensky</i>
"Polonaise in C"	-	-	-	<i>Chopin</i>
Miss Klombies (vocal) "A Birthday"	-	-	-	<i>Cowen</i>
Miss Meath—"Prelude in G Minor"	-	-	-	<i>Rachmaninoff</i>
"Valse Caprice"	-	-	-	<i>Cyril Scott</i>
Miss Potter	-	-	-	<i>Selected</i>
(Duo) Miss Meath and Miss Widdup				
"Variations Et Fugue Sur un				
Theme Irlandais"	-	-	-	<i>Norman O'Neill</i>
Choral "Angeles Serenade"	-	-	-	<i>Frank R. Rix</i>
Miss Johnston	-	-	-	<i>Selected</i>
Miss Merchant—"Ave Marie"	-	-	-	<i>Bach-Gounod</i>
Miss Widdup—"Valse on E. Major"	-	-	-	<i>Moszkowski</i>
Miss Carruthers—"Seeing London by Motor"	-	-	-	<i>May Isabel Fisk</i>
Choral—"O Sole Mio"	-	-	-	<i>Dole-Ryder</i>
"The Woodland Calls"	-	-	-	<i>W. Rlys-Herbert</i>
(Duo) Misses Johnston and Merchant—"Suite"	-	-	-	<i>Arensky</i>

MARK HAMBOURG

THE evening of February the twenty-seventh, nineteen hundred and twenty, four will long be remembered by all who heard this remarkable virtuoso and his prodigious technique.

The audience, consisting of the Faculty, the Staff and Students, and a few friends from town, showed their extreme appreciation in recalling the artist numerous times.

Mark Hambourg possessed the art of magnetism which attracts, and holds the enthusiasm of his audience. The entire programme was rendered with more than ordinary brilliance, and we will not soon forget the way in which he deliv-

ered the Wedding March and Elves' Dance, by Mendelssohn. His interpretation and variations seemed to penetrate to the very depths of each one of us and somehow our spirits soared into the World of Music, making it almost impossible to think of anything else throughout the performance.

One incident which attracted particular attention was the manner in which Mr. Hambourg used the pedal, with a sudden little jerk to one side and then down upon it. It was indeed unusual, but we are all willing to adopt it, Mr. Hambourg.

After the programme we spent a happy time in the drawing-room of Mr. and Mrs. Farewell's cottage, and became better acquainted with Mark Hambourg, who proved to have a splendid sense of humour.

After refreshments were served we said "good-night" and left, after spending a most enjoyable evening.

This is the fourth Canadian tour which Mr. Hambourg has made, and may it not be the last.

PROGRAMME—MARK HAMBOURG

I.

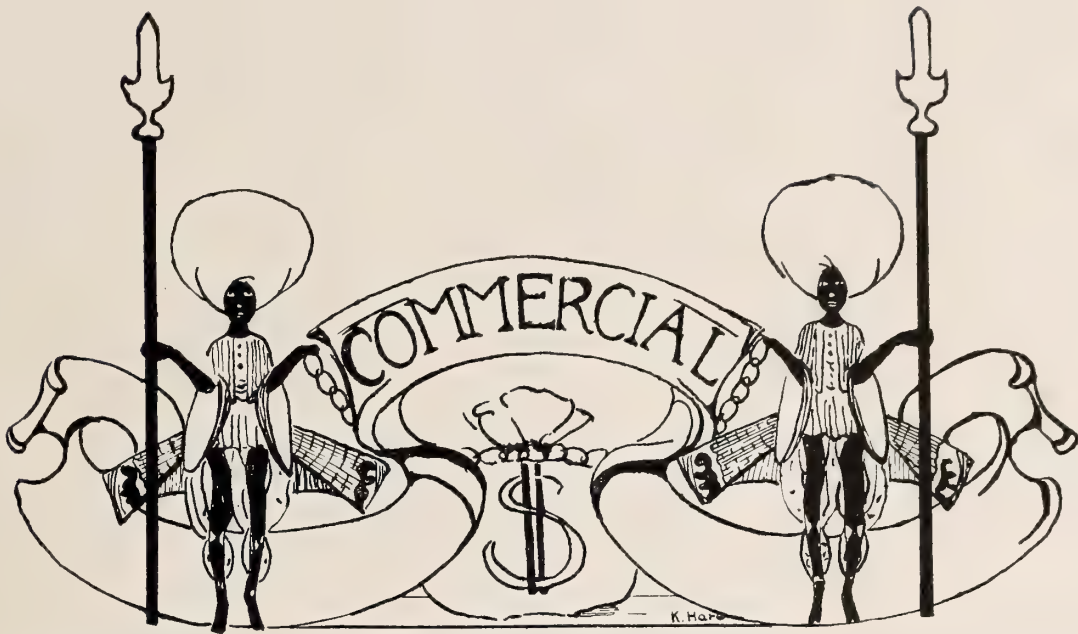
Toccata and Fugue in D Minor	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Bach</i>
Sonata in C Major, op 2, No. 3	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Beethoven</i>
Allegro con brio						
Adagio						
Scherzo						
Allegro Assai						

II.

Ballade in F Major	-	-	-	-	-	
Etudes	-	-	-	-	-	
Waltzes	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Chopin</i>
Nocturne in B	-	-	-	-	-	
Scherzo in C Sharp Minor	-	-	-	-	-	

III

The Fisherman's Song	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Manuel de Falla</i>
Dance	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Debussy</i>
Etude in D Flat	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Liszt</i>
Forest Murmurs	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Liszt</i>
Wedding March and Elves' Dance	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mendelssohn-Liszt</i>



WHEN the snow first begins to fall there comes into the back of our minds a rather joyous little thought "Sometime, when there's enough snow 'n everything, we're going to have a great old time. We're going to scramble on a big hay covered sleigh, and squeak, and glide, and bump along merrily behind two big hoary-nosed horses."

When our day dawned bright and clear, a real winter day, we were delighted! It may be that we were too happy and contented, for by noon the weatherman, most perversely, gave us rain, rain and more rain; but, nothing daunted, we dressed to resemble stuffed ducks and prepared to set out.

After a weary wait in the rain, shortened by an impromptu snow-ball fight, the sleigh came, we piled on and arrived at Oshawa.

Fortified against the cold and rain by the excellent dinner ordered beforehand, we made the return trip without mishap and came back in time to study, happy, damp, unharmed and ready to join with as much zeal the next outing that Chance, aided by our jolly teacher, cast in our path.

There was also a Hike to the Lake which we enjoyed as we do all Commercial outings. This was followed by a Picnic Dinner in the Domestic in which Mabel's cake held the place of honor.

DEMONSTRATION BY MR. FRANK JARRETT

Through the kindness of the Underwood Typewriting Company we were able to have Mr. Jarrett, one of the Speed Champions, visit our school.

We learned many things about the acquisition of speed and the development, particularly of the Underwood, typewriter.

It seems strange to think that whenever one desired to write a letter he had to put the paper in, strike the key, lift up the carriage to see what was written, put the carriage back, strike another key, and so on. What a lengthy process! But it seems that the first typewriters were like that. The Underwood was the first machine to be improved so that the matter which was being typewritten was visible as soon as the keys were struck.

For speed in typewriting Mr. Jarrett said to observe the following rules:
1. Always take the same position at the machine, that is, directly in front of it.

2. Do not waste energy. Keep arms and shoulders still and let fingers cover key-board.

3. Be regular in practice.

After this little talk Mr. Jarrett gave us a demonstration of "Speed". We were amazed when he counted up his words per minute and announced one hundred and sixty eight! It seemed so easy for him to write 168 words per minute that we felt that by June perhaps we might attain a speed of 60 words a minute!

Winners of Bronze Medals, (40 words per minute)—Mabel Roulston, Irma Walker, Madeleine Charles.

Winners of Certificates (30 words per minute)—Grace Brighton, Isobel Brewster.

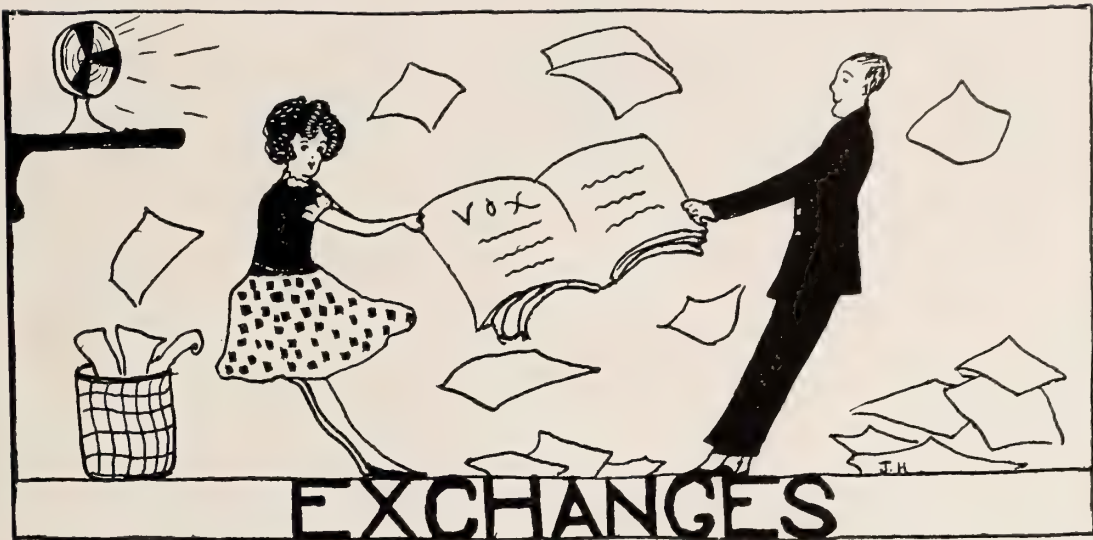
BOOST

Boost and the world boosts with you;
Knock and you're on the shelf;
For the world gets sick of the one who
kicks;
And wishes he'd kick himself.

Boost when the sun is shining,—
Boost when its starts to rain,
If you happen to fall, don't lie there
and bawl
But get up and boost again.

Boost for the school's advancement,
Boost for the things sublime,
For the chap that's found on the top-
most round
Is the booster every time.

(Selected)




"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind."

THESE schools with which we exchange are not old acquaintances, but it is our desire, through the medium of our Exchange Column, to make them so.

This department in our Magazine is still young, and suffers from its youthfulness, but we hope each year to make it better and in our work of improving our magazine we are indebted to those schools who through the helpful criticism of their columns have given us many ideas for its betterment.

We acknowledge receipt of the following magazines up to date of going to press, representing our sister and brother schools throughout Canada and the United States, and beg to offer our sincere thanks and congratulations to their editors.

Vox Lycee, Hamilton, C.I.; College Times, Upper Canada College; Screech Owl, Bowmanville High School; The Tek, Hamilton Technical School; Purple and Gold, Newmarket High School; The Argosy, Mount Allison; The Sheaf, University of Saskatchewan; High School Citizen, Dunkirk, N.Y.; The Alma-filian, Alma College; The Register, Regina College; The Johnian, St. John's College, Winnipeg; Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University; Trinity College Record, T.C.S., Port Hope; Auditorium, Owen Sound C.I.; Macdonald College Magazine, St. Anne de Bellevue; Acta Ridleiana, St. Catharines; The Croftonian, Vancouver, B.C.; The Argus, Appelby; Albert College Times, Belleville; The Twig, U.T.S., Toronto; The Branksome Slogan, Toronto; Acta Ludi, Oshawa High School; L.C.C.I., London Collegiate; The Argus, Sault Ste Marie; Howler, North Toronto C.I.; Oakwood Oracle, Oakwood High School; The Magnet, Jarvis C. I., Toronto.



JOKES FISH-TALES YARNS

O. L. C.'S FIRE HOSE

The fire hose is a animil,
What lays upon the shelf,
He never has a single care
But just rest hisself.

But if you ring a fire alarm
He leaps up from his place
And on his twelve long sturdy legs
He runs a awful race.

He ties hisself in fifeteen knots,
He curls hisself about,
He loops the loop, and summersaults,
And most turns inside out.

When all these little tricks are done
Just gently pinch his tail,
And from his mouth comes rushing out
Pure water, by the pail.

Most any fire looks awful sick
Before this fierce attack,
He scares the fire most all to bits
By humpin' up his back.

Then Mr. Hose with face serene
Upon his perch is curled
He folds his hands and shuts his eyes
At peace with all the world.

R. M.

Hilda—There's an awful rumbling
in my tummie like a cart going over
cobble stones.

Dizzy—It's likely that truck you ate
down town.

Miss Spence—What is a zebra?
Helen Dundas (brilliantly)—Sport
model for a jackass.

Miss Cordingly to Miss E.—Do you
think you'll have any trouble with your
French in France?

Miss Everson—No, but the French
may.

Books We Recommend.

The Mouse with Seven Labels, by A.
Sharpe Rattrap.

The Pair a' dice I lost, by Septimus
Kum Undecim.

Panterbury Tales, by A. Taylor.

Two Winter Bums, by Andy Harrd-
upp.

The Vices, by Winsome Burchstill.

Ikey—What makes this train so
slow?

Irate Conductor—If you don't like it
get out and walk.

Ikey—I would only I'm not expected
until train time.

Rhoda H. (during the holidays)—Did
I ever show you where I was tatooed?

— —No!

Rhoda—Well! we can drive 'round
that way.

New Girl—Does this road go to Osh-
awa?

Yeh!

N. G.—When does it leave?

Nurse K—You'll ruin your stomach
eating all that candy.

Helen D.—S'all right, it won't show
with my clothes on.

Lead us not into temptation! but tell
us where it is and we will find it!

O ODIOUS ODE

Once upon a mid-night dreary
While I pondered weak and weary
Over many bleary pages
Spouted long and long ago,
As I puzzled wild and frantic
Over speech and deed and antic
Of those dull and smeary sages
Shouting all they used to know,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping—
Then, a loud insistent blow!

Can it be the ghost of Caesar,
Who will crack me on the beazer.
With a heavy ice-cream freezer
When I open up the door?
Just because my mind refuses,
As his pages it peruses,
To sing praises with the Muses,
Of his crazy Gallic war.

Can it be the ancient Horace,
Whose mad chants so often floor us
And whose dreary odes still bore us,
And will bore us ever more?
Does he bring a plank to crown me?
Ar a cask of wine to drown me?
Or a flow of soul to down me
When I open up the door?

Or perhaps its that wild screecher,
That fat-headed, yelling creature,
Cicero, the famous preacher,
Standing by my chamber door.
If indeed it is the latter
Then, he's come my brains to batter,
Bringing some forgotten matter,
Some long-winded, weary chatter,
Of an ancient civil war.

As these thoughts came flashing o'er me
Suddenly, the door before me
With a mighty shake flew open
And this startling sight does show.
Standing there, a black-clad creature,
Small of form, and keen of feature
Whose bright eyes like swords pierce
through me
And who beckons me below.
So this thing had made that rapping
And produced that gentle tapping
All that tapping and that rapping
And the loud insistent blow.

Then I blinked as if in slumber
And my brain seemed torn asunder
Between fear and awful wonder
And I bade the creature go!
But, he spoke in accents tender
“A great service, I'm to render
That will make you long remember
All your ancient Cicero.”

“I shall show how, at your leisure
You'll read Horace line and measure
And will fathom all the treasure
Of great Caesar's little sport.
After this it will be easy
In a manner bright and breezy
With a brow that's free and easy
To read Latin by the quart.”

Like a balm these words came floating
And I silently sat gloating—
If he really holds this treasure
What a wonder it will be.
All my troubles here are ended
All my wretched sorrow mended
All my life will be a pleasure
If I only held this key!—

Noiselessly he brought a table
Which he covered up with sable
Then, a bottle with a label
And some powder and a bowl.
Now, he bids one look and listen
And his eyes begin to glisten
And he mutters “Ballysisser
Presto Chango Nillycrowl!”

First, a vapor thick and dusty
Then, an odor rank and musty
Then, the mixture turned quite rusty
And I heard a gentle swish.
First together, then quite single
Weird wild phantoms intermingle
—While I impatiently atingle
Plunge my finger in the dish! !—

A mad shriek—a great commotion! !
An ear splitting sharp explosion! !—
Then, behold the magic potion
Bursts into a blazing glow.
All is vanished in corruption
All is lost in wild destruction
With that terrible upheaval—
My mad haste has wrought this evil
—Now—alas!—I'll NEVER know!
A. LaTinsharte

Who is that fellow over there? He's been staring at you all evening.

Jane Merchant—Oh, don't let him bother you; he's only the chap who brought me to this dance.

Speaker in Chapel—"And we are all little ships drifting about on the ocean of life."

Hazel—Huh! I must be an ocean liner!



ISSIE'S INSPIRATION FOR THAT LOVELY TOUCH!

On a Menu

Miss Wallace—I was so embarrassed last night about the veal. It was all bone.

J. Sleightholm—Well, it was all right—the cook was to blame.

Miss Wallace (in great earnestness)—No, I think *the calf* was to blame.

Twixt the optimist and pessimist
The difference is droll
The optimist sees the doughnut,
The pessimist the hole!

Norah—What's that terrible odor?

Lolie—Fertilizer!

Norah—For land's sake!

Lolie—Yes.

Physics

Vic—Wonder why it is my hair is so full of electricity?

Myrtle—Likely because it's attached to a dry cell.

Gleanings from the Glee Club Trip.

(Acta)

Wanted—To know how Gord Kelly and Bob Crosby managed to get into O. L. C. on Sunday afternoon. It is rumoured they were guided through the secret passages by a "Torch—y."

In the opening remarks at the concert at Whitby, Mr. Farewell made the statement that, considering who was president of the Glee Club this year, it was not much wonder the ladies' octette was taken along on the tour. How about it, Eric?

Teacher—Do you know which letter comes next to H?

Boy—"No'm."

Teacher—What have I on each side of my nose?

Boy—Looks like powder, ma'am from here.

(Sawdust).

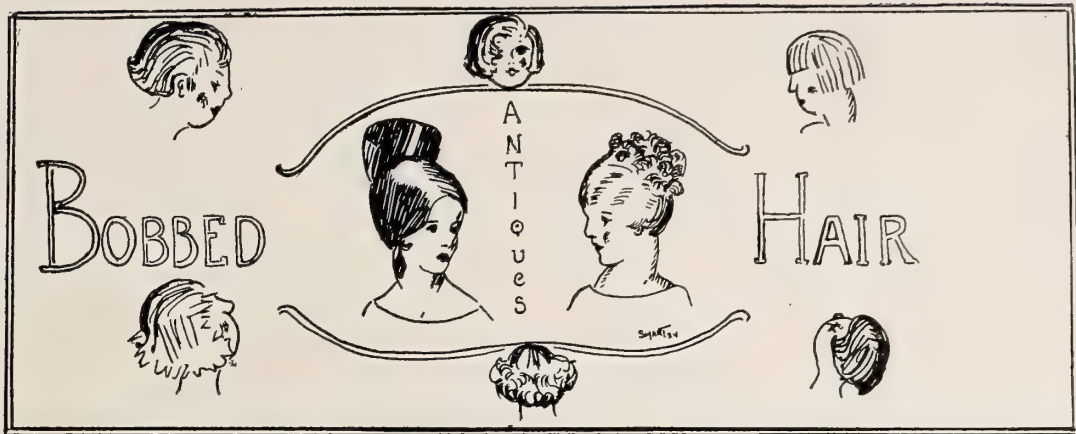
Miss Mitchell stopped Marie in the hall the other day and spoke in regard to Marguerite's practising.

"Does Marguerite practise very much when she's alone, Marie?"

Marie—"Really, Miss Mitchell, I cannot say, as I have never been with her when she has been alone!"



JOHN HISLOP, NIGHTWATCHMAN



How do you like it? Every day sees some new victim to the craze of 1924. Bobbed hair! But it has its advantages and its disadvantages—disadvantages for those who do not suit the “slinky” bob. Curly locks are nice but even a pillow cannot take away those awful dumps which “Curly Keus” etc., etc., make since curling irons have been put in careful hands.

There are bobs and bobs—the ‘curly’ bob—the ‘slinky’ one, the ‘shingled’ bob.

O! how soothing it is to us who did have long tresses to nod our heads coquettishly and not feel a hairpin creep out. No nets, no hair pins, no fussing; no horrible dreams of hair-dressing, the last few minutes’ sleep in the morning.

Come back with me, ye friends, to the cave-man days when cruel husbands hurled their wives in circles by the hair. Hard luck! O cavemen of to-day!

A Grandmother of to-day may find herself, after a trip to the barber, a

flapper of to-morrow. Why not? Why grow old? Dear old Grannies of half a century ago are out of style. Youth everywhere is admired, or is it? And bobbed hair goes with youth:

BUT

Think dear friends, once it is off—it is off, and all one’s wishing or one’s tears cannot replace those lovely locks you sacrificed. The bob cut, so charming on your room-mate, may make a fizzle out of you! but to those who have thought and tried and succeeded—or have taken the consequences—let us touch glasses and cry!

“Long live bobbed hair!”

“Bobbie.”

Miss Maxwell—Did anyone get the mail?

Miss Snyder—Yes, but there wasn’t any.

Mad Charles, (passing her glass for water and Doris just having poured out one passed it immediately to Mad)—Quick service.

Ruby—Yes! Dumb waiter.

Ev.—I’d like some information please, Miss Holland.

Miss H.—Why, I never carry anything so valuable around with me.



The average man is proof enough—that any woman can take a joke.

Trade Marks

Miss Maxwell—Can you trust your own eyes?

Miss Ball—Fountain of perpetual youth.

Miss Wallace—Save the surface and save all.

Mr. Farewell—Old chum.

Miss Snyder—Ever sharp.

Miss Holland—Old dutch — chases dirt.

Lily—It is 99 44-100 per cent pure.

Miss Ingle—Bon ami hasn't scratched yet.

Mrs. Jefferies—Guaranteed a more restful sleep.

Miss Widdup—Colour fast in the rain.

Miss Merchant—Often a bridesmaid, never a bride.

Miss Mitchell—Eating for health.

Miss Ketcheson—Kills pain.

Miss Copeland—Keep that school girl complexion.

Miss Scott—Do you know how to use powder effectively?

Miss Everson—Thin as tissue, smooth as silk, sweet as honey.

Miss Spence—Stewart shock absorbers.

Mr. Green—A picture no artist can paint.

Miss Oak—Take a hunch and eat with the bunch.

Miss Cordingly—In your trousseau!

Mr. Slater—What kind of shingle looks best on your home?

Mr. Atkinson—Try this over on your piano.

Miss Klombies—His master's voice.

Miss Meath—Ever ready?

Miss C.—March was a good month for Roman nuptials.

Torchy—Yes, that is a slushy month.

K. McK.—When Pa marries it's "patrimony."

Aud. Grey—When Ma marries it's "matrimony."

Billie—And when they both marry it's "al-mony."



It's too deep for me — sighed Verna
as she stuck in the mud

Spike—May I have the next dance?

Bunny—Sure! I don't want it!

Dear Miss Editor:

Why is it that
just as I'm trying to
grab forty winks before
starting in on a hard
day's work that
the—— ? ! ! — old push
train has to
snort and sneeze
and howl and yell
and crunch and squeeze
and bang its bell.
And grunt and groan
And biff and bang
and squeak and move
and cling and clang
and boon and crash
and scream and squawk
and shriek and smash
And rear and balk
and make me jump about
forty feet because I
think its first I'm hearing?

—Verys Leepy.

Ruby S.—How long did it take you to learn to skate?

Miss Rugg—Oh, about a dozen sittings!

Miss Ketcheson explained in home nursing class that an epidemic was "something that spreads."

Miss K.—Now, Vera, give me an example of an epidemic.

Vera—Jam, Miss Ketcheson.

Torchy—What's the best commercial language?

Isobel Wilson (disgustedly)—Yankee!



Mr. F. (in S.C.M. Executive meeting)—Will you let me go and get that letter?

Gibby—Will you forget to come back?

Reincarnation of Our Faculty.

Miss Ball—Woman in the shoe who had so many seniors she didn't know what to do.

Miss Cordingly—Alice of Wonderland

Miss Coburn—Horace's fair-haired and laughing Lalagan.

Miss Everson—Sarah Bernhardt.

Mr. Farewell—Townshend an idealist about turnips.

Mrs. Jefferies—Laura Secord.

Miss Klombies—Little Dorrit.

Miss Maxwell—Feminine of Shakespeare.

Miss Merchant—Jenny Lind.

Miss Meath—Elaine the Lily Maid of Astralot.

Miss Mitchell—Fatima.

Miss Oke—Aunt Jemima, with her pancakes.

Miss Snyder—Mercury.

Miss Ingle—Athena, patron of art.

Miss Widdup—Juliet.

Miss Spence—Diana.

Miss Scott—The fleet-footed Atlanta.

It has been heard from a reliable source that the very first book Miss Cordingly got from the library this year was "Single Blessedness" and "Other Observations."

Ikey—If you don't quit looking in that mirror you'll get conceited.

Mary McL.—Don't worry, I don't think I'm half as good looking as I really am.

Mr. F. (going over the toast lists)—After the toast to the country you sing O Canada, and after the Faculty, O there is nothing there.

Miss Spence, at Faculty table—Phone call? Oh boy!

Miss Copeland—Don't you know you are swearing, Miss Spence?

Grace—What's your favourite animal, Spike?

Spike—Bunny.

We hear Miss Oaks is getting so thin playing Hide and Go Seek with the Senior Domestic she can even hide behind an engaged sign.

Anne S.—I was so confused I don't know how many times he kissed me.

B.—What! With the thing going on right under your nose!

Ev.—Did you go to Gym?

Marj.—No, I couldn't find him!

Norah—You saved my life when you changed the time of that exam!

Miss Cordingly—Indeed! I'm glad it could be arranged that way!

Helen S. (at a formal concert)—Isn't that dress becoming?

Isobel B.—Yeh! it must be coming—it certainly isn't here yet!

Grace Moodie—Tell me! would you love me, even though I were ugly?

Rhoda—You know I do!

Maude—What is your ideal husband?
Sis.—One who lets me have the last word in clothes and in conversation.—*Life.*

“Who,” asked Mr. Farewell, “was the mother of the great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?”

Kay—“Mrs. Bruce, sir.”

Velma—“Why have you put two hot water bottles in my bed, Dorothy?”

Dorothy—“Well, you see, Vel., one of them was leaking and I didn’t know which, so I put both in to make sure.”

Mrs. Youngbride (to fish peddler)—“Have you any lobsters that are riper? These look so green.”

Teacher—“Billy, can you tell me the difference between caution, and cowardice?”

Billy—“Yes ma’am. When you are afraid yourself that is caution, but when the other fellow’s afraid that cowardice.

Miss Spence—Who made that noise?

Jerry—I did. I was laughing up my sleeve, but there was a hole in the elbow!

We, the undersigned, having carefully made experiment, have found out and do hereby certify in all trustfulness that it has been proved:

No! the Spearmint does NOT lose its flavour on the bed-post over-night!

Signatures:

“Pitty” “Watson”

“Bobbie” “Ott.”

Jean A.—May I hold your hand?

Pauline B.—Of course not. This isn’t palm Sunday.

Jean—Well, it isn’t independence day either!

Violet—But don’t you find that horse-back riding gives you a headache?

Madeline—Emphatically no! just the reverse!

Conversation in Odlum’s.

Watson—Gimme a tablet!

Clerk—What kind of a tablet?

Watson—A yellow one.

Clerk—But what’s the matter with you?

Watson—I want to write home.

Grace Moodie has been doing a great deal of work in her room lately. “Howe” come?

Marie (after fourth in bed)—“The light’s crooked.

Helen—It isn’t if you look at it straight!

Audrey—Don’t let everyone know who raided the kitchen.

Jean—No, I’ve told every one not to tell!

Betty W. (in Art Needlework) —Who do you want for May Queen.

Helen Parry—Would you like me to leave?

Mary—What did you do in gym today?

Norah (flushed and disheveled) — Everything except commit suicide.

Marie Ott—What time is the Senior dinner. Half past six?

Bobbie—No, six-thirty.

Miss Cordingly—Why Marie, you would have gone at the wrong time.

Miss Ball (to Ikey)—I have had you on my mind quite a bit lately, Isobel!

Ikey—Pretty heavy load.

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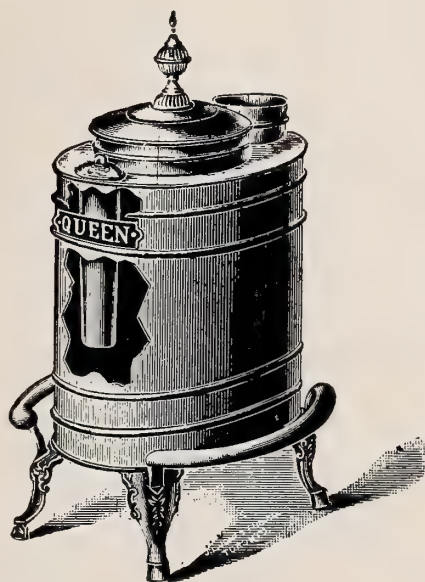
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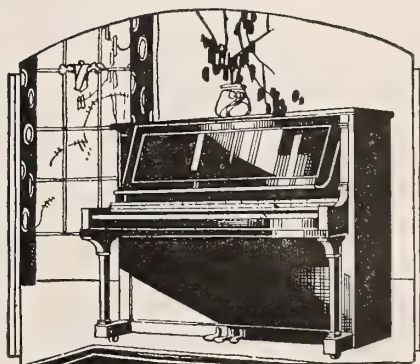
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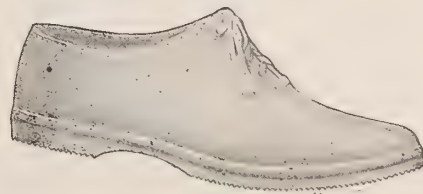
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